

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS

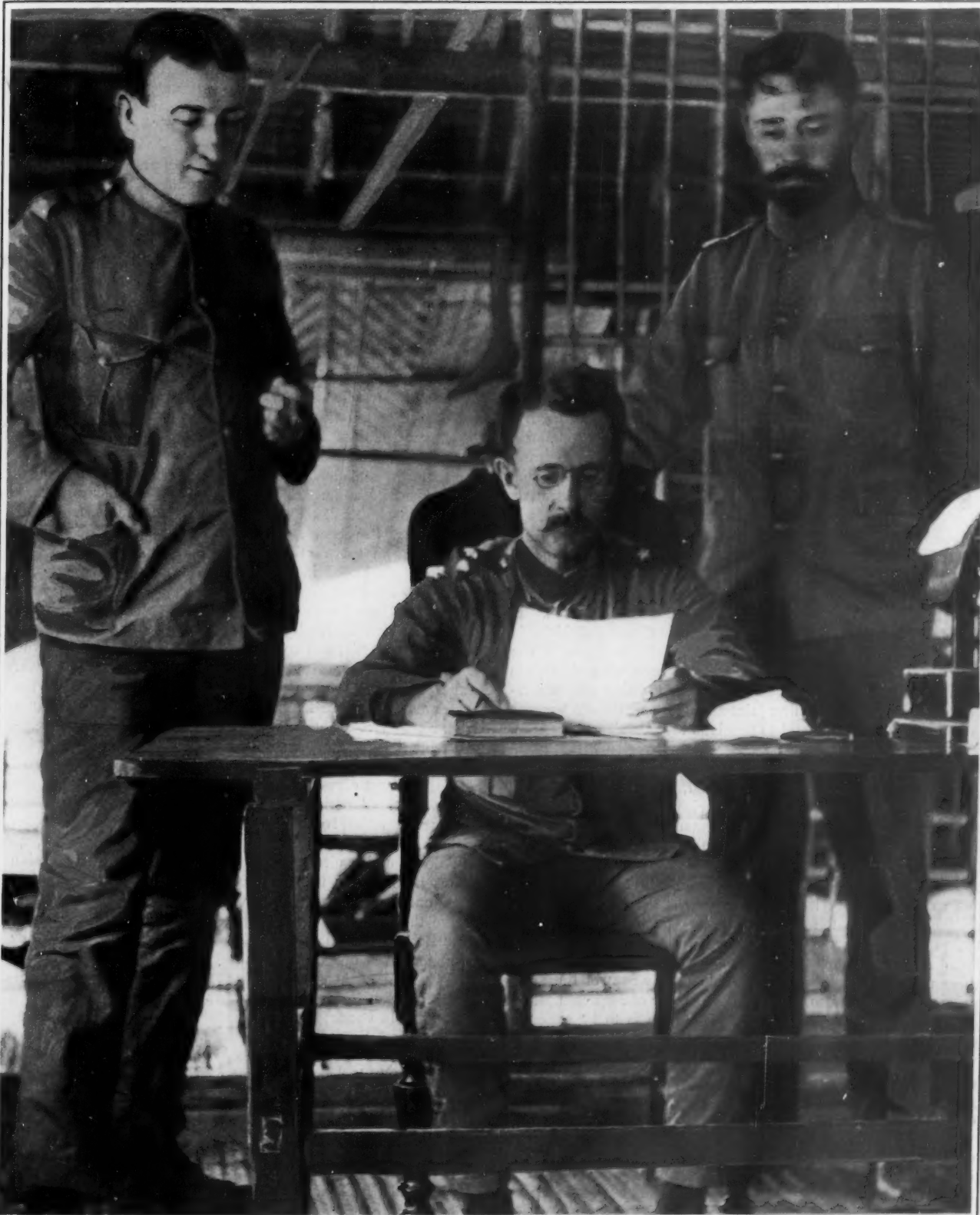


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GENERAL ORDERS

BRIGADIER-GENERAL IRVING HALE AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF AT HEADQUARTERS NEAR MALOLOS. GENERAL HALE IS SEATED AT TABLE; CAPTAIN McD. BROOKS, ADJUTANT, STANDS IN THE RIGHT AND CAPTAIN DWIGHT E. HOLLY, BRIGADE COMMISSARY, IN THE LEFT OF PICTURE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY FREDERICK PALMER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN THE PHILIPPINES

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NEW YORK JULY EIGHTH 1899

ARE THE TROUBLES IN SAMOA OVER?

IT WILL BE remembered that, not long ago, the United States, England and Germany, joint owners of the Samoan archipelago, sent each a commissioner to Apia for the purpose of devising a permanent form of government which should be more acceptable than that which has hitherto obtained. By the time these lines are read, the work delegated to the commissioners will have been accomplished. They have taken the provisional measures needed to establish order in the islands, and they have agreed on a report recommending an administrative scheme which, when approved by the three powers concerned, will become operative.

It is gratifying to Americans to learn that the commissioners have unanimously justified the course pursued by Mr. Chambers, who was formerly a law partner of ex-Secretary Herbert, and who has been, for some years, Chief-Justice of Samoa. It was Mr. Chambers's refusal to recognize the election of Mataafa by the natives, and his substitution of Malietoa Tanu in the kingship, which gave umbrage to the German Consul, and is alleged to have caused the subsequent insurrection and the resultant bloodshed. The first joint act of the commissioners was to indorse his decision, and to proclaim Malietoa Tanu as King. No sooner, however, had the latter been invested with the insignia of authority, than he resigned his office, whereupon the abolition of the kingship was declared, and it was announced that the three Consuls would be provisionally clothed with administrative powers. In this arrangement Mataafa and his followers acquiesced, and future tranquillity seems to be assured by the surrender of arms on the part of both factions. The details of the permanent form of government recommended are not, as yet, officially known to our State Department, but, according to a despatch from Apia to an American newspaper, the principal features are as follows: In lieu of a king, there is to be a Governor and a Legislative Council, composed of three nominees of the powers which jointly control the archipelago. There is also to be a native House of Representatives, but the conditions upon which the franchise is to be exercised are not yet mentioned. The powers of the native legislature will be as strictly limited as those of the corresponding body in a British Crown Colony, the Governor having a veto on both general and municipal laws. For administrative purposes, the archipelago is divided into three departments, over each of which a Councillor will preside. Passing to the judicial machinery, we observe that the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is to be enlarged, and that, for the present, at all events, Chief-Justice Chambers will retain his office. The powers of the municipality of Apia are to be extended. The post-office in that town, as well as throughout the islands, will be controlled by the general government. In order to lessen the burden of

taxation, so far as the natives are affected, the poll-tax is to be reduced and the customs duties increased.

We repeat that this scheme will not become operative until it has been formally sanctioned by all of the three powers concerned. That it will be equally satisfactory to all of them is not to be expected, because it is the outcome of a compromise involving reciprocal concessions. It probably represents, however, the nearest attainable approach to an accommodation of the conflicting interests of Germany, England and the United States.

AIDING AND ABETTING THE ENEMY

IN THE SPEECH addressed the other day to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Mr. John Barrett, lately United States Minister to Siam, made it clear that the Anti-Expansionists are chargeable with the outbreak and the prolongation of the war in the Philippines. The first-hand evidence which he brings forward, and which seems to be undisputed, proves that those who denounced in the United States and elsewhere the acquisition of the Philippines, and who declared that never would it be sanctioned by the American people, have been guilty of the offence known in law as giving aid and comfort to the nation's enemies. But for them, the attack upon our forces at Manila, which was made on the day preceding the vote on the Spanish Treaty in the Senate, would have never taken place; and, but for them, the hopeless attempt to resist the American soldiers would have been long since abandoned.

Mr. Barrett, as it happened, was sojourning in Hong Kong during the weeks preceding our ratification of the Spanish treaty. One day, an agent of Aguinaldo's showed him a telegram from Washington containing extracts from the speech delivered by Senator Hoar, in which the Filipinos, who, since the signing of the protocol, had remained quiescent, were incited to fight for their independence, and were assured that they would have the sympathies of a large and ultimately dominant section of the American people. This telegram was transmitted to Aguinaldo, who at once had it translated into the Spanish and Tagal languages, and published in a circular, of which thousands of copies were transmitted among his followers. The effect of the circular was made known to Mr. Barrett, when he subsequently visited Manila. He found the belief there current that the unexpected attack on the American line had been due to Senator Hoar's speech, and that this, with other documents emanating from the Anti-Expansion League, which also had been widely circulated in Spanish translations, had nerved the Filipinos to continue hostilities until the meeting of our next Congress in December, when, as they had been wrongfully informed, President McKinley would be forced to recall the troops under General Otis, and to recognize the independence of the islanders. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Next December will find the Republicans much stronger in the Senate than they were last winter, while, as regards the House of Representatives, not only will the Republicans have a majority, but the Democrats will be divided as regards the policy of expansion. Whatever may be the ultimate destiny of the islands, most of which, including a large part of Luzon, are now under the American flag, it is absolutely certain that our soldiers will retire from them, if retire they do, not as vanquished, but as victors. If we give up the islands at all, we shall do it under circumstances that will not justify foreign nations in imputing to us inability to subdue an insurrection which our own citizens fomented. If we eventually see fit to give the Filipinos independence, as Mr. Gladstone gave it to the Boers, we shall see to it that the act will be described by the historian as one of magnanimity and not of pusillanimity. Meanwhile, there is but little doubt that those American citizens whose Anti-Expansion speeches and pamphlets have been transmitted to Luzon, and there translated for circulation among Aguinaldo's followers, might be arrested and held for trial in a United States Court for the offence of giving aid and comfort to rebellion. We believe, also, that, if tried, they would be found guilty of the crime. Nevertheless, we do not imagine that any such retributive measures will be taken by our national government. President McKinley will prefer to leave the transgressors to be judged by the common sense and conscience of their fellow citizens. That was the contemptuous course pursued by President Madison in the War of 1812 toward the New England Federalists who refused to obey the call for troops issued from Washington, and who did not scruple to proclaim their sympathies for the British enemy.

THE BAKER-WHITE- HOWARD FEUD



HON. H. C. EVERSOLE,
CIRCUIT JUDGE

IN CLAY COUNTY KENTUCKY

THE CENTRE of the now famous Baker-Howard-White feud in Kentucky is Manchester, Clay County, in the southeastern part of the State, a typical Southern mountain village with three hundred population, twenty-four miles from London, the nearest railway station. The region is extremely wild and the scenery magnificent.

The people as a rule are poor, but without poverty, the soil being productive; and nearly all farm, raise cattle, and hunt. They are fairly well educated; none are unable to read and write, and they are as much civilized as are the people elsewhere, though the sensational newspaper reports would indicate that ignorance and murder are the characteristics of all Eastern Kentucky. True hospitality seems to have found its origin here, for, without exception, there can be no passer-by or traveller who is not welcome to all each home can afford. They are warm, honest-hearted, quick to resent an insult, and equally so to appreciate a kindness.

All Kentucky—this portion in particular—deplores the fact that it has to bear the burden of the acts of a few men.

The latest feud of any magnitude bids fair to equal the French-Eversole, in which thirty-eight were shot, and the Strong-Amy, which killed seventy-three.

The murderers of Tom Baker are known to the Bakers, and this knowledge may result in the killing of several Whites and Howards before many days pass.

Many years the Bakers and Howards have been enemies. The shooting of Will White by the Baker faction, and Daniel Garrard by the White faction, have drawn into the struggle the two most powerful families in the county, and through marriage and friendship others constantly join.

The prime cause can be attributed to political jealousy, high tempers, and "moonshine." Their method of killing—for it cannot be called fighting—is not a noble one; shooting from bushes, behind trees, from hills and houses, at an unsuspecting enemy. In two instances only was death met face to face. They use

forty-five calibre Colts and Winchesters, both of which will carry over a mile.

The Whites are prosperous farmers and merchants, politically strong, holding all the county offices. The Howards are poor, and so are the Bakers, but the latter are backed by the Garrards, wealthy salt manufacturers and farmers, the head of which is General Theophilus T. Garrard. The head of the Whites is Judge Beverly White, related to various lawyers, Congressmen and Governors; and the Garrards have descended from a family equally distinguished both in this country and in England.

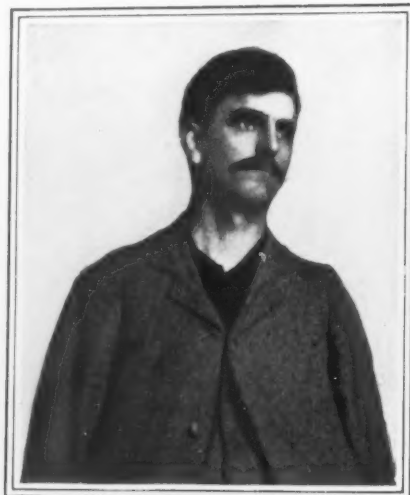
The first killing in late years was on June 6, 1898, when Wilson Howard and Burch Stores were killed, and A. B. Howard, father of Wilson, was wounded. This, it is thought, was done by Tom Baker, as there had been a dispute between them regarding a forty-dollar note. The next day James Howard met George Baker, father of Tom, and shot him. Shortly after this Charles Wooten, son-in-law of A. B. Howard, was shot by Sid Baker. In August Tom Baker met and killed Will White, nephew of Judge White, and Sheriff Beverly White, Jr. Later, in the same month, John Baker was shot by two men from behind two trees on Goose Creek. His negro, who was with him, was

likewise killed. The 10th of this month, Tom Baker, who was to be tried in Manchester for the murder of Will White, was taken to the court-house under the protection of a hundred State troops and a Gatling gun; but while standing in a guard tent in the court-house yard a shot rang out from Sheriff White's house, directly opposite, and the noted Tom Baker, cousin of Captain William Strong of Breathitt, fell dead. Court was adjourned, and every one who could left Clay County. The troops then took Wiley and James Baker to the jail in Barbourville. To show what intense hatred exists, John D. White a few days ago cheered, as Edward Garrard passed, for Carlo Brittan, who killed Edward's brother Daniel ten years ago.

Yesterday I had an interview with Governor Bradley at his home in Frankfort. He says that at present he is utterly powerless to subdue the trouble, being hindered by inadequate State laws. Martial law he cannot declare, cannot appoint a judge and grand jury from another county, and cannot have a Clay County citizen indicted elsewhere. The only way a new judge can be had is for the circuit clerk to hold an election of the bar, and in this case the clerk is Daugh White, one of the feudists. He cannot take away their arms. In fact, the State laws are such that Governor Bradley is less able to prevent further disgrace to the State than any of its citizens; and yet all look to him to preserve order. In mentioning the fact he said: "Don't tell them what I have said, for I don't want the devils to know how powerless I am!" His only course is to call a special session of the legislature, and either change the laws or repeal the incorporation of Clay as a county, and divide it into four adjoining counties. This latter, he said, "will be a terrible warning to the rest of the State, and will probably prevent similar disturbances." But Governor Bradley does not wish to call a special session of the legislature now, in the heat of a terrible political struggle—he is a Republican—for, he says, "the Democrats would make capital of it, and it would probably result in defeat to my party."



MANCHESTER, CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY, LOOKING EAST. THE LARGE BUILDING WITH THE CUPOLA, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE COURT HOUSE



BEVERLY P. WHITE, JR., SHERIFF OF
CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY

With which does the Governor's duty rest, with his party or the State? His solution of this problem will be watched with great interest. Surely the pride of his opponents, the Kentucky Democrats, will permit them to assist their chief executive in preventing the continuance of this disgrace to one of our country's finest States!

The crying need of the situation is admitted to be legislation that will take it out of the power of the local authorities to thwart the ends of justice. Under the present law the troops are under the county authorities, and as the administration in Clay is almost entirely in the hands of parties to the feud, the value of the militia as a preserver of order practically is nullified. Should the legislature be convened in special session, it probably would be called upon to pass a law giving the Governor power to use the State Guard as he sees fit. This would make possible the enforcement of the law even in Clay County, and with the law enforced the feud could not live.

In the absence of some such extraordinary step as this, it is difficult to see the end of the present feud, except the extermination of one or both of the contending factions. There is the bare possibility that lack of funds might bring it to an end, for strange as it may seem, money is an element of these mountain wars. Much of the fighting is done by hired men, and it takes money to pay them and provide them with ammunition. The average wage of these warriors is a dollar a day and "found," by which is meant the supplying of bacon and bread, guns and ammunition. The French-Eversole feud, one of the longest and fiercest in Kentucky's sanguinary annals, is said to have involved the expenditure of \$150,000 by the opposing clans. It is estimated that the cost of a three months' feud campaign with fifty fighting men on a side would be about \$12,000. The Whites, it is conceded, are much better prepared financially to carry on such a campaign than their opponents. In fact, with the Bakers crippled in funds, with Wiley and Jim Baker in Barbourville jail, old George Baker and Tom Baker dead, and Dee and Bob Baker at London, twenty-four miles away, there is little prospect of much active fighting now.

Though one of the fiercest, the Baker-Howard feud is far from being the first in Kentucky records. Possibly because of the Scottish ancestry of these mountain people, which may be supposed to have implanted in them the clan spirit, tribal wars as bloody as any Corsican vendetta have drawn a sanguinary streak across many a page of the State's history. One of the earliest of these feuds was that which broke out between the families of Hill and Evans in Garrard County in 1829 and ran a bloody twenty-year course, marked by twenty-seven violent deaths.

Soon after the Civil War a feud arose in Breathitt County, led by Captain "Bill" Strong and John Amy. It raged for thirty-five years, and in its course pitched battles were fought, in one of which five men were killed. Tom Baker, whose killing brought a crisis in the latest feud, was a direct descendant of Captain "Bill" Strong.

Next, in Harlan County, a feud prevailed for ten or twelve years between the Howards and Turners, in which some thirty men lost their lives and much property was destroyed. It only came to an end when Wilson Howard killed an outsider and was tried, convicted and hanged.

While Proctor Knott was Governor of Kentucky, the counties of Rowan and Morehead were terrorized by a war be-

tween the Martins and the Tollivers. He spent \$100,000 of the State's money trying to suppress it, and gave up the job in despair. Boone Logan, a young lawyer of Morehead, with the Governor's consent, organized a force of one hundred men, swore out warrants for Craig Tolliver, leader of the most aggressive faction, and surrounded the house where he and his followers were. In the battle that followed Craig and two other Tollivers were slain, making twenty-three who had perished in the feud.

Perry County was the scene of the famous French-Eversole feud. This was led by Fulton French on one side and George Eversole, a brother of Judge H. C. Eversole, now presiding over the Clay County circuit, on the other. Both families were prominent and wealthy. Money was spent lavishly, large forces of fighting men were enlisted on both sides, and in the course of the ten years that the warfare lasted thirty-eight men were killed.

It was soon after the French-Eversole feud had died out that the Baker-White-Howard trouble began. The Bakers and Whites were not hereditary enemies. In fact, when Garrard Baker, cousin of Tom Baker, was killed in Clay County by John Wilson ten years ago, the Whites were among the strongest friends the Bakers had. Feeling run high, and when, after three trials, a jury acquitted Wilson, he had to leave Clay to escape the vengeance of the Bakers. Last year he went back to Clay County, and soon afterward was killed from ambush; it was thought by John Baker, son of his victim of nine years before.

It is this Indian method of fighting from cover that constitutes one of the most discouraging elements of the situation. In the assassinations and ambushes that characterize these feuds there is none of the spirit of chivalry that formed a redeeming feature of the custom of duelling. It is a common thing in a Kentucky vendetta for a squad of hired men to lurk for days behind a "blind," built by the roadside, waiting for some member of the enemy-clan to appear. These blinds consist of a screen of freshly-leaved branches constructed between two trees thirty or forty feet from the road. It is one of the anomalies of this civilization that men of intelligence, education, and indisputable personal courage should resort to the cowardly practices of the untutored savage for the wreaking of mere revenge. Small wonder that Governor Bradley is appalled at the gravity of the problem.

That the participants in this feud are not the illiterate backwoodsmen some have imagined is shown by their quick utilization of the latest improvements in weapons. Both factions are reputed to be supplied with modern military rifles and smokeless powder, and each is charging the other with using explosive cartridges. The widow of Tom Baker, who is living near Manchester with her eleven children, has been threatened by the Whites and Howards with the blowing up of her house by dynamite, which represents an evolution from the former practice of setting fire to the homes of the enemy.

An instance of the method of "hushwhacking" pursued by the feudists was supplied when the Lexington battalion of State Guards, that had been sent to Manchester to protect the courts and the Bakers while they were on trial, started to take Jim Baker and his uncle



DEE AND "BOB" BAKER

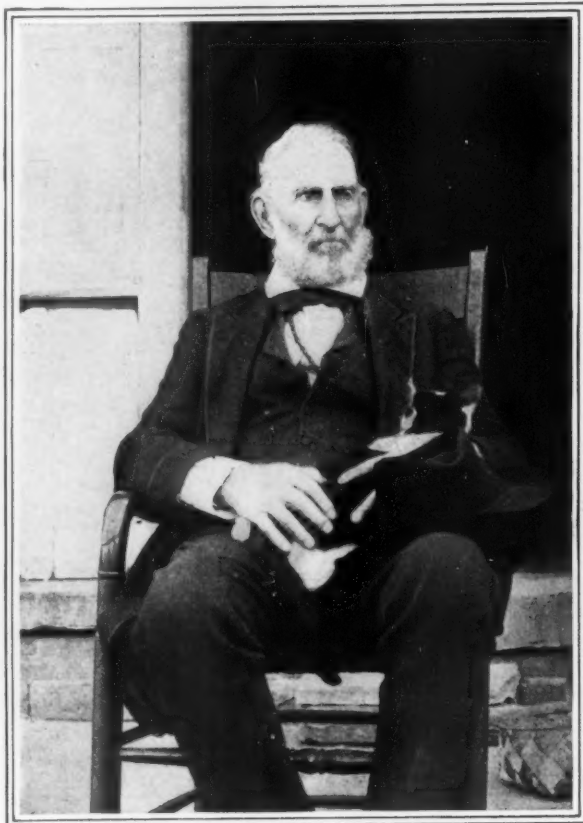
Wiley to the jail at Barbourville. Colonel Williams, who was in command, expected trouble and prepared for it by surrounding the prisoners completely, so that they could not be picked off by sharpshooters. A squad of some thirty or forty men of the Howard and White faction formed an ambush where the road from Manchester to Barbourville passes under a thickly wooded bluff. They hoped to be able to fire on the prisoners from this vantage-point without running the danger of killing any of the guard. The wagoner of the party was a friend of the Whites and Howards, and undertook to lead the troops into the ambush. Colonel Williams suspected treachery, however, and sent out scouts, who reported the presence of an armed force in the woods. The Gatling gun which the battalion carried was brought into position, but before a shot was fired the ambushing party had retreated into the hills.

The recent developments in the feud attracted an army of newspaper correspondents to Clay County. Their presence was not relished by the men who have been making trouble there, and they soon took effective means of letting it be known that they were not wanted. One night three weeks ago the throat of the horse ridden by the messenger employed in carrying newspaper despatches between Manchester and London was cut by unknown parties. A few days later the newspaper men were warned by the Howards and Whites to leave the county on penalty of death. Whether the threat would ever have been executed or not no one knows, but the correspondents did not wait to test the matter. They withdrew in good order, but without delay, and the feudists have since been practically free from the supervision of the outside world.

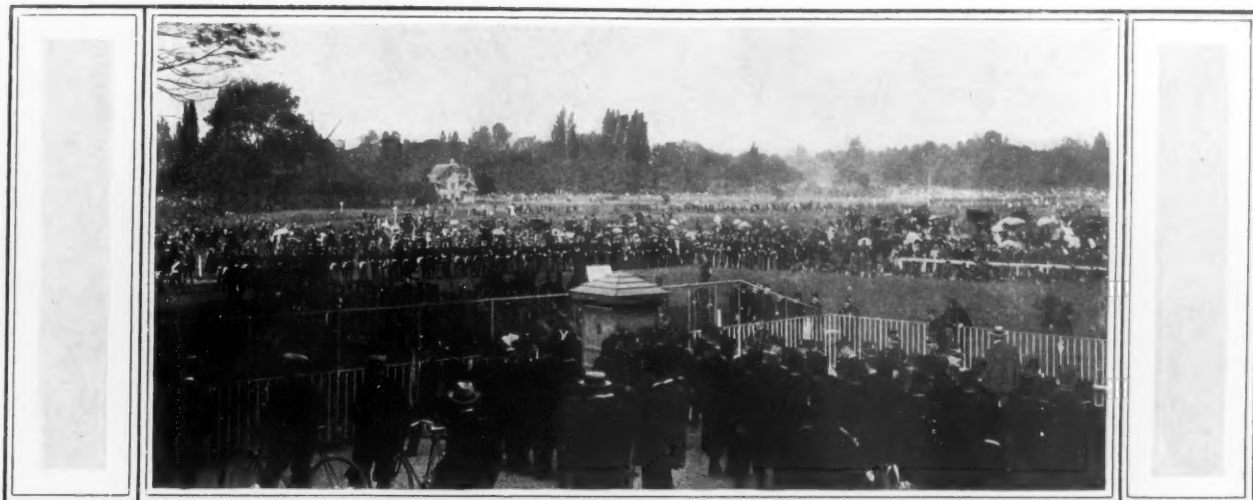
Of the personal courage of the leaders of the feud there can be no doubt. The Bakers are said to have Indian blood in their veins, a fact which may account for the alacrity with which they take to the methods of fighting peculiar to the red men. Susan Callihan, a half Cherokee, is among their ancestors. Captain "Bill" Strong, who is reported to have slain twenty-five men with his own hand, was her grandson.

Dr. Abner Baker, who flourished in Clay County half a century ago, killed a number of men in his time, and finally was hanged for murder. General T. T. Garrard, who figures in the present troubles as a friend of the Bakers, performed the same service for Dr. Baker fifty years ago. He tried to get the Governor to pardon Dr. Baker on the ground that his killings were the result of homicidal mania, and in recent years he has been giving bail for others of the Bakers when they got into the clutches of the law. The old general declares that he cannot be driven out of Clay County, where he proposes to remain the rest of his natural life with his pet cat, but his son Gilbert Garrard has had to move away to escape assassination.

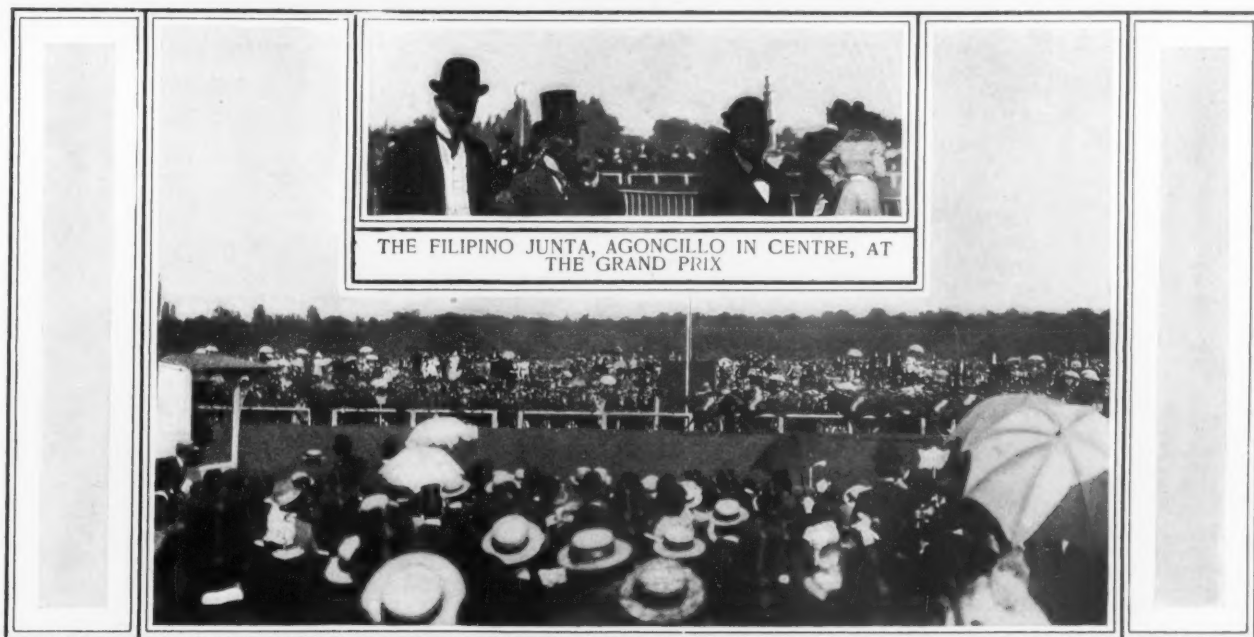
Efforts were made to have Judge Eversole, who is related to the Whites, vacate the bench and call a special term of court, to be presided over by a special judge, to try the murder cases; but it appears at this writing to have fallen through, leaving the extra session the only remedy. Colonel Williams has been instructed to complete the reorganization of the First Kentucky Regiment for service, and it is rumored that Governor Bradley intends to put both Clay and Harlan Counties under martial law.



GENERAL T. T. GARRARD, OF CLAY COUNTY



THE MILITARY ARRAY AT THE LONG CHAMPS RACE-COURSE ON GRAND PRIX DAY



THE FILIPINO JUNTA, AGONCILLO IN CENTRE, AT THE GRAND PRIX

THE GRAND PRIX. "PERTH" AT THE WINNING POST



PRESIDENT LOUBET RESPONDS TO THE GREETINGS OF THE CROWD AT THE GRAND PRIX. THE LADY IN WHITE STANDING NEXT TO THE PRESIDENT IS MADAME LOUBET

A GREAT ANNUAL RACING EVENT IN FRANCE

(See page 16)

THE FINAL ENDOWMENT OF THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY



VIEW OF THE QUADRANGLE

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 23, 1899
THE RECENT magnificent gift of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University comprised personal property to the value of \$10,000,000 and real estate in different parts of California to the value of \$317,000. This, with the original endowment of something over \$15,000,000, makes the Stanford University one of the richest educational institutions in the world. Besides the real estate, stocks and bonds, the great Vina ranch, the Palo Alto stables, which, under Mrs. Stanford's management, have been made to pay, and her own jewels, valued at figures running from \$500,000 to \$4,000,000, have been included in the gift. The roll of papers which stood for this vast amount was a load for one man to carry, and the sum paid to the government as a war tax on the deeds amounted to \$8,000.

In the Stanford mansion on Nob Hill, Mrs. Stanford gave into the hands of the trustees the deeds representing this immense endowment, and made an address in which she gave her advice, and announced her intentions as to the future conduct of the college. The two points upon which she laid especial stress were the establishing of schools and workshops for manual training and the restrictions in the number of women students. It had been the wish of the late Senator Stanford and herself that the university should be as



MRS. JANE L. STANFORD

AT THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

highly developed in its manual and technical departments as in its scientific and classical, that the student should have every opportunity to learn the crafts of the hand, and that the professors should instruct from the standpoints of practical experience in the workshops as well as from that of theoretical knowledge in the lecture room.

On the question of the female students, Mrs. Stanford directed that their number should be restricted to five hundred. The large increase in their attendance had made such a step necessary. In seven years the relative number of women has grown from twenty-five in every hundred students to forty-one in every hundred, while the relative number of men has decreased in the same ratio. As the college was founded in memory of Leland Stanford, Jr., and as both the late Senator and Mrs. Stanford particularly desired to preserve in it the spirit and standpoint of a university of men, this restriction was deemed advisable. Other recommendations in her address were that no fraternity or dwelling house should be raised inside the grounds at a lower cost than \$6,000, that the president should have unlimited power, and at no time pay himself a lower salary than that originally set by Senator Stanford, which is said to be \$10,000 a year, and that no boarding or lodging-house should be erected in the grounds.

GERALDINE BONNER.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

WHAT a superb novel might be made out of the Dreyfus affair! It is unquestionably the most exciting and the most complex story that life has invented since the beginning of the century. It would seem as if, just as the century was waning, life had determined to achieve something tremendous in the way of a plot, merely to show how superior she could be to our romanticists and realists. Thus far no novelist has dared to use the material carelessly flaunted in his face. It is too rich, too highly colored, too appalling. To treat it adequately the powers of a Balzac would be needed. Of course, Zola might be equal to it; but Zola is too close to it; he is, in fact, an important part of it. Authors rarely write about the themes they themselves have helped to create. The best material for fiction that comes into their lives is the material that they pass over, sometimes unconsciously giving it to some brother-novelist. In fifty years, perhaps, when the affair has become cold and taken its place among the most extraordinary events in the history of the most excitable of nations, some Frenchman will come along and revivify it in a powerful romance. Meanwhile, how many of us appreciate that the affair itself is now approaching what the realists like to call "the psychological moment"?

How many of us, too, are able to form an intelligent opinion of the case? Most of us believe that Dreyfus is innocent, largely because a large number of intelligent and well-meaning men do who have studied the case closely. In many matters of vital importance we are, of course, forced to take our opinions from the opinions of others. But the Dreyfus business is so strange that a large number of people will want to form opinions of their own about it, and to those a little book lately brought out by a Boston publishing house may be recommended. It is called "The Dreyfus Affair," and it is written by Richard W. Hale, a hard-headed lawyer, humane enough, however, to avoid legal phrases and to write in a clear style. In a brief space Mr. Hale gives the salient facts, allowing the reader to form his own judgments. Besides being intensely interesting, and, at this time, very useful, the book is a pithy record of some of the most amazing perversities in human nature.



An American correspondent who was in Paris at the time of the public degradation of Dreyfus has given to COLLIER'S WEEKLY the following account of his experience: "For several days before the degradation took place, Paris seemed to me almost oppressively quiet. Very little was said about Dreyfus; and yet he was in everybody's mind. I confess that I felt a desire to witness the scene that was to take place in the Champs de Mars, for I believed that it would be one of the most dramatic spectacles of modern times, a touch of medievalism at the end of the nineteenth century. But I didn't have the courage to ask for permission. A New York correspondent of my acquaintance, however, had no such scruple. The military authorities treated him more politely than might have been expected; but they said they looked upon the punishment of Dreyfus as a private affair, in which only Frenchmen could be properly interested, and that it was for their own interest to keep so shameful an episode as secret as possible. For this reason, most of the accounts of the degradation sent to foreign countries were written at second hand, from the reports of the Paris papers. The scene took place at eight o'clock in the morning, one of the depressing foggy mornings that every one who has lived in Paris in winter must remember with a shudder. I went to the Champs de Mars at seven o'clock, and I saw some of the military pass in, their faces rigid and their eyes staring straight ahead. Only Frenchmen could have planned the spectacle that took place while the crowd of women and men (there were actually a number of women) stood shivering outside the fences. The stripes and the insignia of rank had been stripped off the uniform that Dreyfus was to wear and then sewn lightly on again, so that they might easily be torn off by the officer who executed the sentence."



In the story that is working itself out in France, one element is lacking—the Pretender. It would seem as if the hour had come for the Pretender to strike. But he doesn't strike. Can it be that he has lost his energy and his courage, that he has accepted his destiny as an exile, that he has come to the belief that the French Republic

can weather any storm? At present there are only two French Pretenders of any account, and they are both young enough to sustain a romantic interest. One is the Duke of Orleans, a happy, debonair and blond young man with a fondness for travel and for getting disabled by accidents. It would be very hard to take him seriously. The other is Prince Victor Napoleon, son of the Prince Napoleon, best known by the suggestive nickname of "Plon-Plon," and grandson of the first Napoleon's youngest brother Jerome, by Jerome's second marriage with the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg. Prince Victor has the unmistakable Napoleonic countenance, heavy-featured and sombre-eyed. Thus far he has done nothing to endear himself to the French nation or to prove that he possesses superior qualities of any sort.

But the Bonapartes are a strange race. You never can tell what they are going to do. When the third Napoleon as a young man haunted London drawing-rooms, he was regarded as a harmless fanatic. Even after he made himself emperor, Prince Bismarck did not hesitate to declare that the profound silence with which he used to overawe those around him was merely a betrayal of intellectual vacancy. On the other hand, "Plon-Plon," who, in spite of all his faults, including his notorious laziness, was a man of remarkable abilities and attainments, accomplished practically nothing by which he will be remembered. It is curious to note, by the way, that, while Jerome's descendants have apparently been petering out in France, the family that he founded in America by his marriage with Miss Patterson has won a distinguished position. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, the well-known lawyer and civil-service reformer, is even more Napoleonic of countenance than the present representative of the Napoleonic claims.



In the lines that give the title to his latest collection of verse, "War Is Kind," Stephen Crane is crudely, but not ineffectually, satirical. The fact remains, however, that, in spite of all its horrors, war does a country many a good turn, among others, enabling it to discover in its citizens unexpected abilities. General Wood is a case in



BY RAIL TO THE KLONDIKE—SCENE NEAR THE TERMINUS OF THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILROAD

point. Before the Spanish-American War broke out he was a surgeon in Washington and physician to the President. Now he is a brigadier-general, with an honorable record, and an administrator of such proved capacity that an important position in commercial life, with treble his present salary, has been placed within his reach. That offer is an even stronger testimonial to his merits than the recent bestowal of an honorary degree by his Alma Mater in Cambridge. Furthermore, it is most opportune. It very strikingly calls attention to a significant matter: that the officers in our new colonial service are grossly underpaid. In this regard, we might well profit by the experience of England, which in colonial administration has been extensive and varied. After bitter experience, England learned the importance of establishing a self-respecting foreign civil service. When the scandals in the Indian service became unendurable, the English government wisely decided that the members of the service must be so well treated that they should be placed on their mettle and on their honor, and feel a proper *esprit de corps*. Now it is the best service in the world!

Mr. John Barrett, our former Minister to Siam, who is plain-spoken and courageous, has been expressing himself freely with regard to those New England philanthropists opposed to our policy of expansion. He says that their talk, by encouraging Aguinaldo, has prolonged the fighting in the East; so he thinks they ought to stop talking. It apparently has not occurred to Mr. Barrett that he is denying those philanthropists, who are just as earnest as he is, the very privilege that he uses so eloquently himself. As a matter of fact, in the history of the world, the suppression of free speech has never proved to be a healthful proceeding. It is generally recognized now that it is better to air opinions, even injudicious or wholly foolish opinions, than to force them to make their way from mind to mind in secret. It is marvellous to observe the vigor acquired by an idea when it has been suppressed by the law, and the new power that inspires an agitator when he is permitted to regard himself and to be regarded by others as a martyr to truth. The best way to expose a fallacy is to let it expose itself. We can bear with Mr. Hoar and Mr. Atkinson.

"The horse is a noble animal, but he must go." This sententious remark was made by a newspaper philosopher long before the automobile had begun to be used, and just now it is assuming a sharper point. We have hardly realized as yet what immense changes

the automobile is going to bring about in our cities. The departure of the horse means greater cleanliness in our streets, additional facility in transportation, new possibilities in the way of durable pavements, a general decrease in noise, with its accompanying relief to our overstrained nerves, not to mention a score of other physical and moral improvements. Thus far, of course, the automobile is an ugly thing, an offence to the eye because it has not as yet aesthetically adjusted itself to its uses, and an offence to the ear because its machinery is as yet crude. Before long, however, it will become light and graceful, a delightful vision as it moves swiftly and silently through our thoroughfares.



HON. GEORGE F. HOAR,
ANTI-EXPANSIONIST AND REPUBLICAN SENATOR FROM
MASSACHUSETTS



The National Anti-Vivisection Society has been rampantly active of late, and its meeting at St. James's Hall, the other evening, was presided over by the Duke of Portland and attended by many distinguished people. The duke, in a thoroughly humane speech, expressed

his sympathy with the poor animals which were tormented at the hands of experimenters. He affirmed himself a sportsman, but wished to point out that the true sportsman desired to kill his quarry outright, with as little pain as possible, while the vivisectionist aimed to keep it alive during the process of cutting it up. Lord Coleridge pronounced his abhorrence in a stronger strain. Canon Wilberforce expressed himself as convinced that vivisection was one of the greatest evils of the human race. Lady Grove's oration was full of a pathos distinctly feminine. She herself had been vivisected for her own benefit, and she endured, after the operation and when the effects of the anesthetics had passed away, greater pain than she had thought any one would endure and still live. This was surely more effective than Mr. Stephen Coleridge's assertion that the present assemblage were engaged in a great cause—the greatest since slavery was abolished. This gentleman was loudly cheered, but there are those who feel the plaudits to have contained a sharp fanatic note. There are those, also, who feel that this enormous and long-continued warfare against the search after benefit to our human race through media which the lower forms of animal life alone may supply, is a most ill-advised endeavor—one which deliberately would impede the natural and justifiable flow of scientific inquiry. The sportsman, it is objected, may have his plea, but what actual force does this plea possess? In killing bird or beast he does not always by any means kill with speed, but often entails upon the victims of his pastime prolonged suffering. An evening or two ago I met a clergyman whose views were anti-vivisectionist. "Do you really believe," I asked him, "that the trained and talented surgeons, in the great biological institutions here, ever wantonly torture animals?" My interlocutor demurred a little, and then told me that he thought this an unsettled question, since permits to examine the operations which were constantly going on had not as yet been granted with sufficient freedom. I then referred to the Duke of Portland and others, who had vaunted the "mercy" of their sportsmanship. "Do you think," I pressed, "that there is any mercy about 'playing' an immense salmon trout in the Scotch lake, with a hook lacerating his throat, for one, two, even three hours at a stretch? For, if you do, sir, I can only tell you that it seems to me a bit of Neroonian and Caligulan cruelty." On a sudden the gentleman looked embarrassed, and here a lady on my other side laughingly cried out: "Oh, now you've touched him on a very sore spot; for, although you don't know it, you're talking to a Scotchman about the ethics of salmon-fishing!"

"And a Scotch clergyman, too," I thought, but I did not say it.



ON A SKIRMISH FIELD NEAR POLO

MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

MANILA, P. I., MAY 15, 1899

TO OUTWARD seeming the Oregon has lain for weeks as idle as ever Coleridge could paint a ship. One by one the trim white gunboats from the home squadrons have steamed in, made their obeisance to the flagship and turned to Cavité. In two days they would be coaled and painted a dismal lead color, which would not be dry before they had vanished on mysterious errands. Some day they return, towing one or more prizes, strange Eastern craft, with masts stayed as if recoiling in antipathy one from the other, wide bamboo outriggers, and brown-skinned crews squatting with knees to ears on the arched covers of the deck houses. Within the hour they would be coaling at Cavité, and soon after their gray hulls would again melt indistinguishably into the haze of the horizon. Off Paranaque lies the Monadnock, and between Bacoor and Cavité is the Monterey, their low, gray hulls invisible to the casual eye. Beyond Sangley Point, a smoky blur just above the horizon marks the post of the Manila; to the north, off the Malolos River, a queer tower rises from the water amid long lines of stakes and fish weirs; sometimes it quivers in the heat, flattens down to a thin line and disappears, then it flashes up, taller and leaner than before, or floats high above the water; a minute later it is blotted out again. It is only the mirage playing pranks with the military mast of the Helena. Still further north and to the west, at rare intervals, can be seen the tips of the masts of the Callao. The insurgents have learned to respect this lonely little gunboat; she is so inquisitive, and her light draught permits her to be so neighborly in her conduct, that they have honored her with special lookouts—tall bamboo platforms rising from the marshes between Malolos and the bay. How many insurgents there are in these swamps it is hard to say, or whether they should be called insurgents at

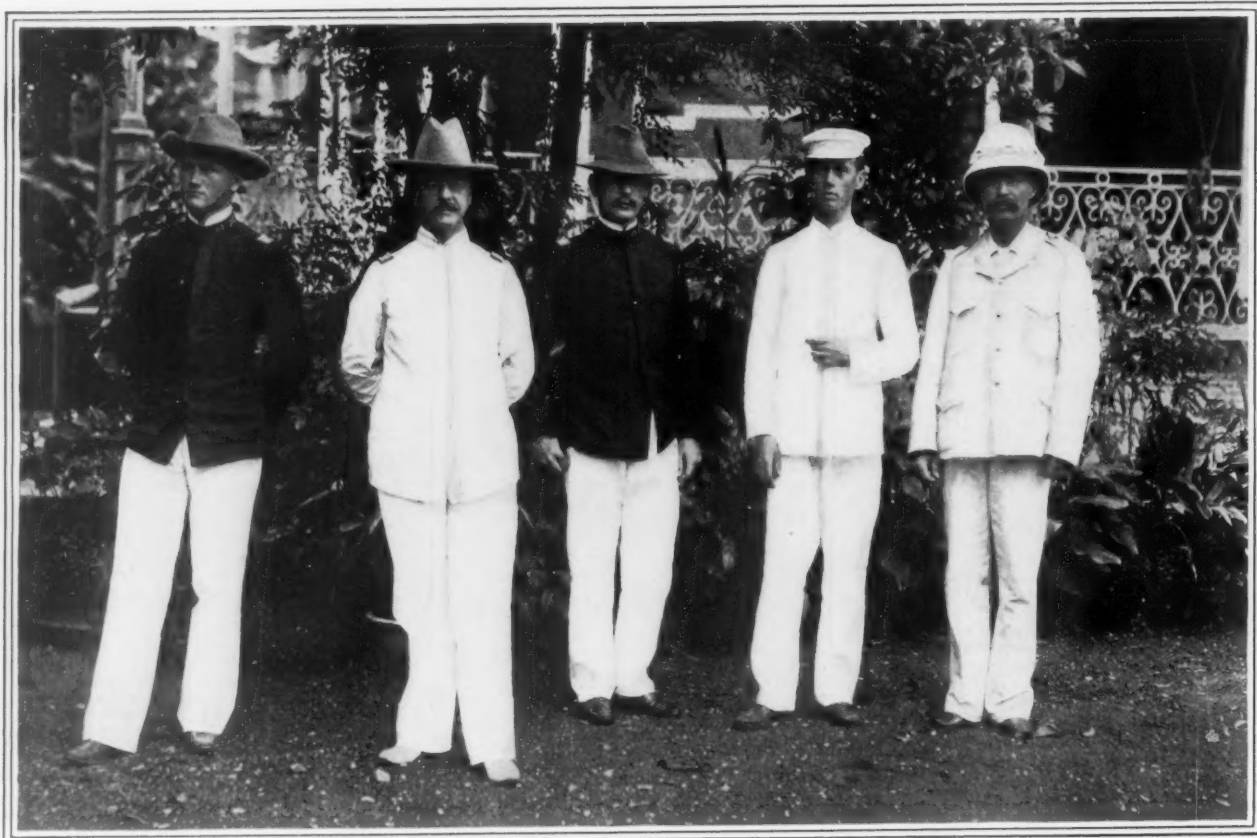
all, for they are believed to be natives, apparently inoffensive, and "mucho amigo" when in the vicinity of our troops, only to play the part of assassins when the opportunity serves.

As barely three feet of water can be carried over the bars at the entrance to the narrow and intricate passages through the swamps, it is only possible to enter them with open boats, while the thick jungle would make the opportunities for ambuscading any force that could be employed too favorable to be neglected. The advantages gained by driving the natives out would be very slight and our losses would be certain and great; moreover, unless the swamps were held, the enemy would drift back again. So, while operations are continuing against the organized forces of the insurgents and their remaining important positions, it is unwise to weaken the main lines by diverting troops on expeditions against the waste lands and jungles. The same holds true with regard to the country between the Laguna and the bay. The rains that have fallen have already badly cut up the roads in that district, and as water communication with Cavité would be at all times—except during an actual typhoon—more rapid and convenient than by land, the south lines will hardly be advanced at present. In fact, the evident intention of the commander-in-chief is to gain possession of the country from which the insurgents must draw their supplies and recruits. At the same time they are being driven back further and further from their own provinces into others, where the inhabitants speak different dialects, are less affected by foreign occupation of Manila, and less in sympathy with or willing to submit to the control of the Tagalo leaders. It must follow that the invasion of the horde of destitute refugees which Aguinaldo has driven before his army will not be regarded by these simple people with equanimity. He

may suppress outbreaks among them by force, but the spirit of discontent must grow, and with it the hardship and suffering among his own supporters.

The signs of demoralization among Aguinaldo's followers, and the substantially admitted failure of his plans, cannot be mistaken. Twice envoys have come into Manila publicly, under a flag of truce, to confer with General Otis as to the terms of submission; and now others are coming, not from Aguinaldo, but from insurgent generals acting independently of each other, asking that a conference be arranged with the President's Commissioners. General Otis has invariably replied that the unconditional surrender of the insurgents, with their arms and munitions of war, must be the first step toward the establishment of the new government.

At present (May 15) the head of General Lawton's column is at San Miguel de Mayuno, an important town of twenty thousand inhabitants, and less than fifteen miles distant from San Ysidro, the town to which Aguinaldo withdrew his so-called government on evacuating Malolos. The difficulties which General Lawton has had to encounter in the way of transportation have been very great, and he has lost many of his caribou, or water-oxen. The maps show that he must have followed mere trails or bridle paths over a considerable part of his route, which has been to the eastward of and separated from General MacArthur's column by the great Pampanga swamp. The water-ox is a great unwieldy beast, very slow and very easily used up. It requires at least one soaking bath a day, and a single omission of this is apt to cause it to sicken and die or become useless. In the city of Manila, it is a common sight to see coolies freshening up exhausted oxen by deluging them with water from the nearest stream or hydrant. This expedition has also been very hard on the new re-



GENERAL MACARTHUR AND STAFF. GENERAL MACARTHUR ON THE LEFT IN WHITE



A TWENTY-SECOND INFANTRY VEDETTE NEAR CALOOCAN, MARCH 26

cruits, of whom there are a great number in the lately arrived regiments of regulars.

To the westward of the swamp General MacArthur has followed the line of the railroad, and has in consequence been able to maintain communication with headquarters. It seems certain that a very little further advance of the two columns will force the insurgents out of their proper territory and bring matters to a climax.

It may have been wondered why the navy could not man the small Spanish gunboats which were purchased recently by the Governor-General from a Hong Kong syndicate to whom they had been sold by the Spanish government. These might be employed on the Laguna de Bay, the Rio Grande de Pampanga, the Rio Grande de Cagayan, and for blockading the numerous ports through which the insurgents possibly receive supplies. Such duties are purely naval, and the personnel of the navy is well fitted to perform it with efficiency and economy. The question is, where are the men and officers to come from? The ships on the station have at the present moment no more than their peace complements of men, and hardly a ship but has from two to six fewer officers than in January, 1898, a month before war was thought imminent. Add to this the additional duties which are performed by some of these officers at the Cavite arsenal and elsewhere, the strain consequent upon a state of instant readiness, the increased and more exacting duties everywhere, together with the fact that it has been necessary to send all the marine

guards to garrison the naval arsenal at Cavite, leaving their duties on board ship to be performed by blue jackets. It must be apparent that no further depletion of the crews could be permitted without crippling the ships. At the same time the three very good gunboats captured from the Spanish are nearly ready for service at Hong Kong, and will soon require crews.

It is rumored about the fleet that the Monterey and Monadnock are soon to be placed in ordinary and their crews distributed on these cruisers—the Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon, and some of the small gunboats. In fact, there is to be a grand break-up and rearrangement upon the departure of Admiral Dewey for the United States in the Olympia. Captain Barker of the Oregon will become commander-in-chief of the Asiatic fleet until a flag officer arrives, although he is now very near flag rank, and he has already had, in the special squadron, a larger command than many flag officers. The Olympia is now discharging her surplus stores and ammunition, and will probably leave for Hong Kong on the 20th for docking preparatory to her long run home. It is believed here that if haste was essential she would make a phenomenal run.

A better acquaintance with the Tagalos of Manila and vicinity bring into prominence some very commendable characteristics. Above all things they are clean and modest—that is, not counting children, who are apt to do things differently from their parents everywhere. It is a common sight at any time of day along the Pasig to see men and women on the cuscocs scrubbing each other's

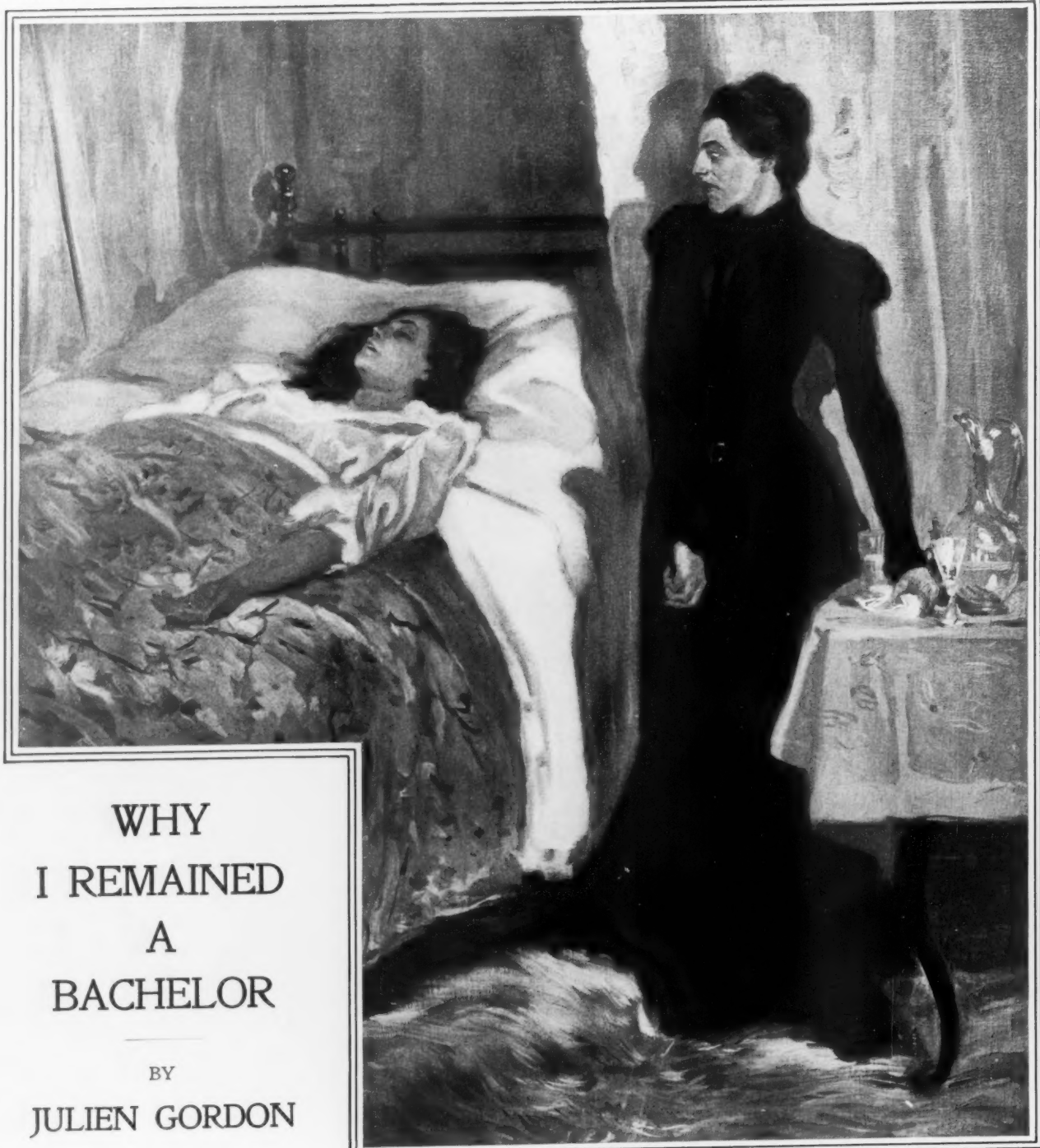
backs and deluging themselves with water—all, except the head; for they say that to wet the head is to invite fever. The head is cleaned, however, all the same. A stroll through any suburban street in the afternoon will probably disclose in some dove-cote-like nipa-hut a row of maidens seated one behind the other combing each other's hair. Then, after combing, it is carefully oiled and allowed to hang loose for an airing until the ladies dress for the evening, when it is made up most carefully and smoothly.

There are hordes of children everywhere in Manila, and their parents are devoted to them; still, it is said that many have the queer practice of exposing their little ones to small-pox in early childhood, hoping that if they survive—and infants have it in a very mild form—to purchase exemption for them in later life. In the city of Manila many families live by working in the cigar and cigarette factories. Every one in the family works, from grand-parents down to the youngest, whose task is to pick up the scraps of tobacco or square the ends of cigarettes. Many children, no more than seven or eight years of age, have shaved and cultivated one of their thumb-nails until it has become a tough and keen-cutting instrument for shaping the wrappers and pointing the ends of cigars. It has been said that this peculiarly shaped nail is found convenient by mandolin players; its real purpose, however, is to enable the cigarmaker to work more rapidly than would be the case if he had momentarily to pick up and drop a knife.

A. A. ACKERMAN, LIEUT. U.S.N.



GENERAL MACARTHUR, ATTACHES AND STAFF, MOUNTED ON FILIPINO PONIES; MALINTA, MARCH 26. GENERAL MACARTHUR IS ON THE EXTREME LEFT, POINTING. MOST OF THE OTHER HORSEMEN ON THE RIDGE ARE FOREIGN ATTACHES



WHY I REMAINED A BACHELOR

BY
JULIEN GORDON

(CONCLUDED)

PAINTED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

MRS. ORR'S HAND, AS IF BY ACCIDENT, FELL ON THIS PAPER

AFTER DINNER THORP took up an evening paper in which was some account of a new work by a German author, whose original views of social enigmas were attracting general attention. He talked for a few minutes with high enthusiasm, forgetting his audience, in his old entrancing way, with the emphasis of the thinker and yet the lightness of the man of the world.

"You must read the book, Ida," he said, leaning to his young wife with eagerness. "It is most remarkable. I don't know when I have had such an intellectual fillip. It is not heavy. It won't tire you."

Her dreamy eyes were turned upon him wonderingly. Then she stifled a yawn.

"The wind has made me so sleepy," she said. "Oh, that book! I have seen it lying about. I am sure it is dreadful. You cannot think," she turned to me, "what horrid books Thorp reads, *à dormir debout*. I tell him to second him in such pursuits is a wifely duty of which I am quite incapable. He hates this place, and must have some compensation for remaining to give me pleasure."

"What are the wifely duties of which you are capable?" He spoke under his breath, yet every one had heard, and there was a little gasp, followed by a titter from the young married woman. I again felt a desire to shake him.

"My husband considers me a careless housekeeper," said Mrs. Thorp, addressing me, and entirely unruffled; "but I have much more executive ability than he gives me credit for, only it lies in other directions." Everybody laughed, and the tension was in some degree relaxed.

She rose and joined one of the bachelors, whose name was Holly, upon the piazza. They remained together in the closest and most earnest *tête-à-tête* for the rest of the evening. By and by they left the veranda and walked off together under the stars. Their stroll must have prolonged itself. The other women had gone to their rooms, and it was nearly midnight when they returned. She threw off the light shawl from her bare shoulders, while her cavalier stretched his long legs and called for a "night cap."

"Brandy will do, old man," he said to our host, who—always a trifle formal—politely rose to touch the bell. "What that girl ever married that prig for," I heard him saying later to his friend Heath, "is what I cannot fathom. She is the right sort."

"That prig had the wherewithal," answered Heath, "and even the 'right sort' has to be properly groomed. She did very well."

I remained with them three or four days only. During that time I had ample leisure to study the strange *ménage* in its intricacies and its complications. I do not think to Mrs. Thorp herself they were apparent. Certainly not so to her other friends. Possibly my fatal habit of analysis made me attach over-much importance to what seemed to them only a superficial disparity. She assured me, with the most pleasing *naïveté*, that she had married "for love" only. She added wistfully, "I wish Mr. Thorp liked gayety better. I have never had it before, and I enjoy the world; but it seems to bore him to death."

I expressed myself as surprised. Thorp appeared to me so eminently fitted to take his place in society, which he certainly, until now, had never abjured. Did

his young wife's presence stifle his best gifts? I began to think so.

"Yes," she continued, "it seems to make him positively cross."

This acceptance of Thorp, with all his possibilities of delicate ardor and exalted sentiment, in the light of a cross old husband, a marplot to the projects of lively young women, filled me with amusement. Yet that it was in this aspect his wife regarded him was evident. "Leslie will be cross with me," had become her favorite formula. And he was cross; so cross, indeed, sometimes, that the blood rushed to my hair and I wanted to strike him; but it never rushed to hers. I don't think she was either sensitive or militant. "Leslie is cross," seemed to express and condone the sin, to be at once its conviction and its pardon.

I alluded once to the infatuation which she had inspired in my friend, winning him from his long-established bachelorhood.

"Yes, he was very much in love with me," she said in her *traineau* voice—and then she sighed—"but love passes."

"To love you once would be to love you always," I replied with some heat. She was certainly adorable, looking up at me with her appealing eyes and a mouth about which lingered the seriousness of childhood. She shook her head.

"Unless . . . unless your own indifference . . ."

"I am not an emotional person," she interrupted me, laughing, "but I am affectionate. Leslie is so engrossed in other things."

Did she sigh? I hope so, but I am not sure. Was

she affectionate? Was she loving? Or were those lips, so inviting to the kiss, cold in its consummation?

A conversation which took place the evening after my arrival seemed to prove that Mrs. Thorp, in spite of her poetic aspect, was eminently practical. A subject became for a moment paramount whose human interest made it more vital than the scientific treatise which Thorp had vainly tried to impose upon us the night before. A domestic scandal in high life was disturbing with its ripple the social current. A man had surprised his wife with her lover and had shot him dead. The distinguished position of the participants in this somewhat worn-out form of tragedy alone rendered it memorable and arresting. The young married woman had something to say. Even the girl—who was invited to withdraw when the subject was broached, but laughingly insisted that she had read every word in the newspapers, it couldn't make any difference—put in her little word. She pitied the husband. The bachelors, Holly and Heath, felt sorry for the lady, "don't you know, because she was capital sport, and he had been a brute to her." To my amazement, Thorp, who in his new role of the much older husband of a pretty young woman, might have been expected to show becoming marital disapproval, expressed sym-

"It is a trifle late," said Holly, laughing.

Thorp continued to look fixedly at his wife. His scrutiny was almost savage. He was not yet indifferent. She still interested him, at any rate.

"You approve, Ida, of her wish to restate herself by a reconciliation with the man who killed her lover?"

"I don't see," said Ida, floundering a little, "when he was once dead, what else there was left for her to do. If he is willing to forgive her, it does seem the best arrangement."

Thorp's contemptuous lip curled upward. "Well," he said, "Ida, when you take a lover I shall not kill him, but make you a present to him; so there will be no need of reconciliation."

"Why, Leslie, you know I never could do such a thing!" she said.

"No, I don't think you ever could," he answered, "any more than I could forgive and take you back, even if our social position was at stake."

The scorn in his words was scourging, but, like a lash struck out against the wind, it fell powerless. His wife did not seem to heed it.

"The publicity must be so horrid," she continued, following her own train of thought. "Apart from the

No, she was not romantic. Yet Thorp had no doubt loved her with that ecstasy of the senses which the best of us sometimes mistake for spiritual sympathy. He had been duped in his own sentiments, no doubt. Was she to blame for the peculiar power of her deceptive personality? If in her soft eyes he had thought to find the dreams of poets, in her slow movements the languors of a Sappho, a world of hidden promise in the fleeting smile upon her lip, reflection in the lines upon her brow, was it her fault? If Mrs. Thorp's eyes were bent on material advantage, if her smile was meaningless, the lines upon her forehead the result of frowning when lying in the sun in summer—a taste shared with her pet pussy cat—if her languid movements were born of laziness, not passion, was she therefore culpable? We deceive ourselves in judging others, then shrink to the stars that they have duped us. Later—since those early days of their marriage—Mrs. Thorp's friends have deplored in my hearing that she was not calculated to satisfy the requirements of an intellectual man. They have told me that she passed her days receiving foolish visitors, tattling with women, exchanging silly notes with men, flirting idly with idle adorers; that the incessant pursuit of what she calls social diversion is the only aim of her existence. They have told me that



PAINTED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"YOU MUST READ THE BOOK, IDA," HE SAID, LEANING TO HIS YOUNG WIFE

pathy for the dead lover. "I cannot see any object in winging him, much less in finishing him, poor fellow! If he was fortunate enough to make himself so agreeable to the lady, the best thing to do was to bless them and send them on their way rejoicing."

"Oh, Leslie!" said Mrs. Thorp, protesting. "Why not? What has he gained except her eternal hatred?"

"Stop there, Thorp. Have you seen the evening papers? In them is published a letter from the wife to her husband. She wants, it seems, to make up with him. So, you see, she does not hate him."

"The more shame to her, then," said Thorp, sternly. "Couldn't she be true for one little hour to the memory of the man she got done to death? If I understand, it was her imprudence which lured him to her side that evening."

"Oh, Leslie!" once more chimed in his wife. "You see, if she makes up with her husband, she may regain her lost position; of course, none of the women would touch her now."

"And so," he said in a peculiar, strained voice, "you would advise her to wheedle her husband back again?"

"Well, you see, being a married woman . . ."

"But she did forget that, now, didn't she?" said the maiden.

"Remember, gentlemen, a young girl is in the room," said the married belle with a warning chirp.

immorality of the thing, she has made such a dreadful mess of it. It is so very unrefined."

"Left herself without lover or husband, eh? He, the lover, poor devil, would, according to you, hardly be missed if only the husband would be reasonable."

Thorp's satirical tone was mordant.

"My dear fellow," said I, coming to the rescue, "you are not a bit modern. If he does not forgive his wife somebody else will. She will be divorced and marry some other man before the grass has grown on the dead man's grave. She is a very handsome woman. Your wife is right. Her husband had better make up with her." We had known each other so long that the masonic glance we exchanged could hurt nobody, for no one remarked it.

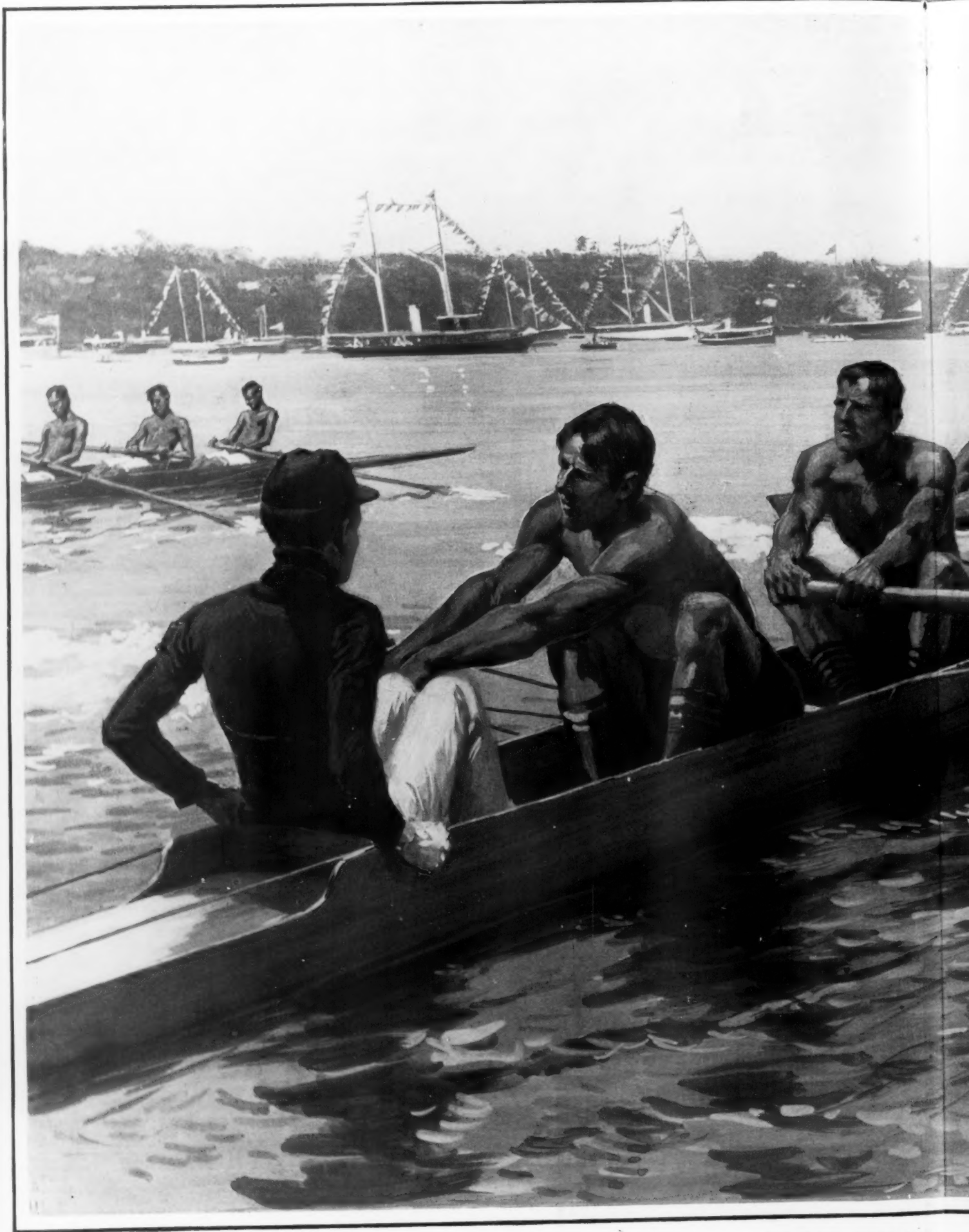
"Wasn't it queer, Leslie taking —'s part?" She named the troubadour. I heard her saying this in the moonlit porch to Holly, during one of their interminable causeries. "It is so odd! He, such a moral man."

Her companion must have said something flattering to her, for her pleased laugh shook the night.

"Well," she went on, "if her husband won't forgive her, I do feel for her. Why, if she is trying to do right, should it make Leslie angry? As they stand now I do not believe he would let me receive her, talk as he may! Men are so illogical, and they say it is us women—not a bit." Then I heard Holly tell her that a logical woman was his pet aversion.

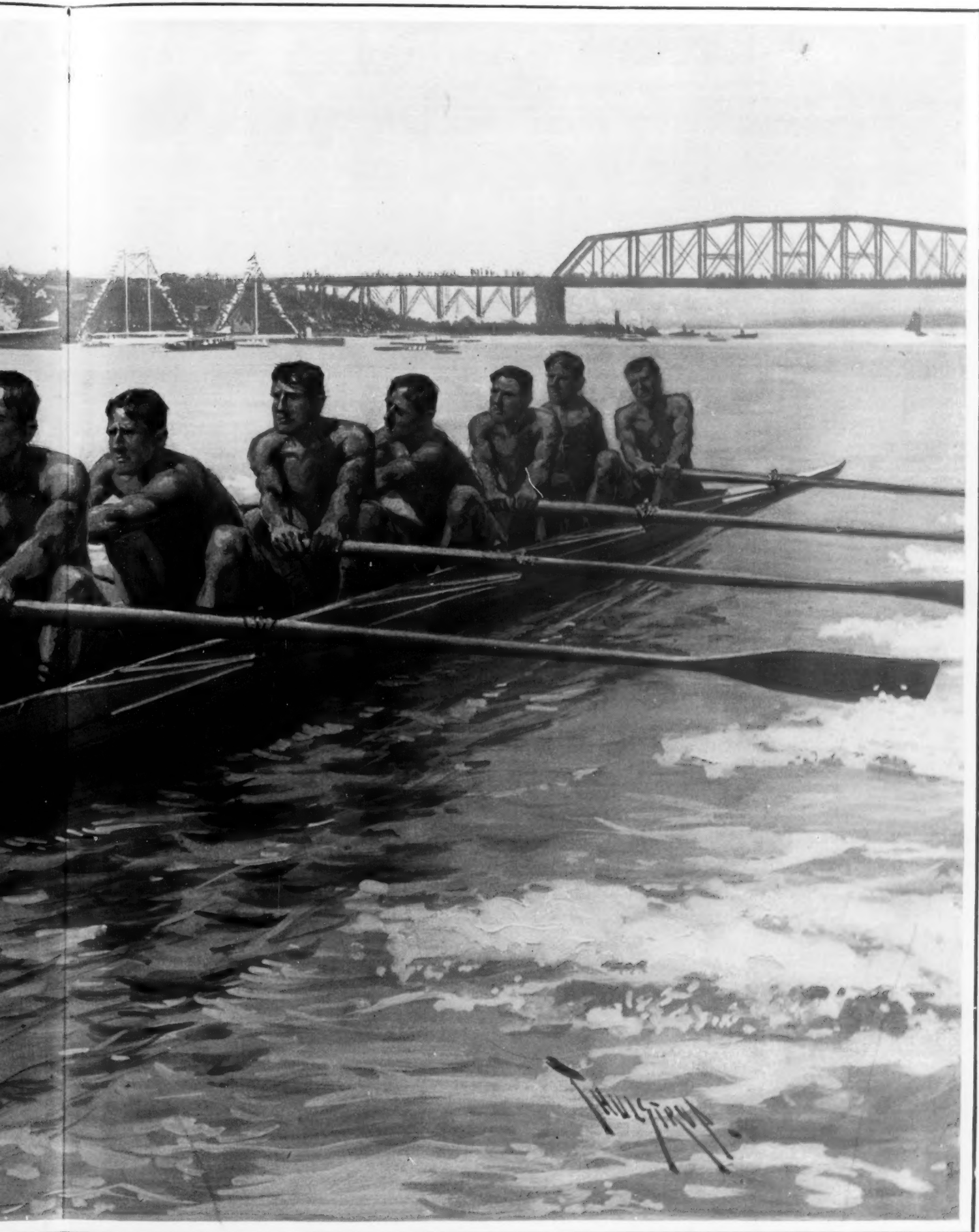
at home, when not dressing for her world, she stands for hours gazing out of the window at nothingness. There is no subject on which she is instructed or in which she takes interest. She is amiable and calm, to be sure, as a little fish, and as ignorant. Her husband's attempts to teach her were met first with wonder, then with laughter, and finally with revolt. When he renounced the effort her gratitude was ponderous and somewhat wounding. They have also hinted that she is a slattern. Thorp's friends, on the contrary, blame him for not protecting her and for allowing her a liberty which is compromising to his honor. How their enemies judge them I have not cared to inquire! When I visited them Thorp was evidently in the throes of one of those violent reactions which produce in men such intolerable irritation. If his wife met it without resentment she certainly did so without dignity. Had he failed to awaken her heart, to touch her temperament?

A commoner nature would have met hers on its own grounds. Ida Thorp would have made an ordinary man, devoid of subtleties, of lofty ideals, quite happy; she had made Thorp profoundly miserable. I saw it all. She was like a drug which steeped to rapturous visions for a moment, from which one awakens excited and depleted. Thorp measured the abyss which separated them and was appalled; in fact, there were moments when I thought he hated her. But this condi-



FORGING A

AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE ANNUAL YALE--HARVARD



ING AHEAD

RVARD UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE AT NEW LONDON, CONN.

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY T. DE THULSTRUP

tion did not last long. It was over when I met them a year and a half later.

Now I hastened my departure. I pitied Thorp, and I was, nevertheless, half in love with his wife. My ideas are not high and my intellect not subtle. I have not written the *Pharsalia*, and don't ask an *Argentaria Polla* to correct it. I am the ordinary man she could have made happy. Thorp expects too much of people; it is morbid and unwholesome. She is a very pretty woman. And as to gossip, I take it for what it is worth—very little. I was glad to get back to my club. I brought home food for reflection.

PART III

MY OTHER *ménage* had taken itself to California. It was not until the following mid-summer that I came upon its track again. I passed the spring killing Florida tarpon.

I crossed the Ors' orbit this time at the United States Hotel at Saratoga. I stopped at the huge hostelry for a couple of days on my return from a Northern trip. I found Orr engaged in washing out his liver by a course of the beneficent waters, after too great enjoyment of the culinary sapience of his incomparable chef—at least so he told me, with his old humor. I was somewhat astonished to find my friends here; away from their luxurious country homes. I joined them for a moment at their late repast in the dining hall. Mrs. Orr was dressed rather youthfully, in some light muslin, with a white hat and jaunty veil, which was distinctly unbecoming. She looked almost absurd, thus accoutred. The couple appeared to me even less well assorted, in this *décor* of publicity, than in the dim interior of their own house. She explained to me that they had deserted their Hudson River place for a few weeks to give Mr. Orr the advantages of the Springs. "I am so unaccustomed to hotels," she said, "that they depress me. I am dreadfully homesick and very poor company for Raymond. I am glad you have come to cheer him—not, of course," she continued after a moment's pause, "that I complain; it is a short inconvenience. One would give one's life for one's loved ones." The last words, though more breathed than enunciated, startled me with their fervor. Her voice was unchanged; penetrating and sad, its vibrations wrought their old spell upon me. It seemed to me that Hedge and Von Schelling would have listened, in such a voice, for the transcendent harmonies of the "over-soul." And such an envelope! Although she glanced at her husband with solicitude, he did not appear to me as requiring my ministrations. He was in his usual cheerful mood, and, save for a slightly yellow tinge to his complexion, looked stout and robust. I left them to eat my dinner. They were ending theirs.

I saw them two hours later in the hall. This time they were not alone. Mrs. Soren was with them. Orr had explained to me, earlier, when we strolled down the street together, under the glinting lights of the gaudy shops, that she too had stopped, unexpectedly, for some last consultation about her affairs. These complications were soon to pass out of his hands. He expatiated upon the wickedness of her divorced husband and upon her own wrongs and virtues. Somehow I did not admire or even like Mrs. Soren. I had not forgiven her mocking words about her cousin, to whom she apparently owed much, and they had left in me a sting of prejudice. Women of her order act upon my mental cuticle like a sinapium. They chafe.

So I listened to Orr's tirade without response. I think he noticed it. Orr has that form of vanity which makes him accept as undoubted the conservative conduct of every woman who has not succumbed . . . to him. The respect he accords to women is largely composed of his satisfaction that no other male has triumphed. It is impossible for him to conceive that any woman could have favored any man but himself. At the worst he prefers to believe her ill-used, trampled upon, forsaken, but pure. This is a form of self-deception which has always been to me peculiarly diverting.

When I met the trio in the vestibule they appeared like the performers on the operatic stage about to break into a *terzetto*. Orr was standing at the foot of the stairs holding out a bunch of roses to Mrs. Soren, who, two steps above him, leaned to receive them. She certainly looked exceedingly well. She was shading her forehead from the light with one of her shapely hands.

"I have a shocking headache, mon cousin," she was saying in a complaining tone. "My poor eyes cannot for a moment longer stand this glare and heat. Thanks, your roses are lovely." She deftly adjusted them in the belt of her bodice and turned to leave him.

Leaning against the rail of the first landing, Mrs. Orr watched them. I have spoken before of this lady's smile. The electric lamp of the hall struck full upon her face; it seemed to be all smile; but there was something else I saw—something searching, poignant, pitiful. Her little pale and shrinking figure looked so forlorn, my heart contracted. I felt sorry for her, and, stupidly, looking up, I know not why, I raised a hand to her in salutation. She seemed to waver a moment, as if she felt I had detected and pierced the agitations of her being. Her eyes sought mine for an instant in an agony of questioning, as if they would read and tear from Nature's hiding-places the secret of my ruminations. "What do you know? What have you seen? Have you guessed my torment, divined my martyrdom?" Such seemed to be the note of this mute interrogation; but all the while that smile remained upon her lips. It turned me sick!

So, later, when Orr again expatiated to me upon the sufferings of his cousin's wife, the exuberant Mrs. Soren, I lent him languid attention. I was thinking of the tableau on the stairs. "The fool!" I muttered to myself, as I threw away my cigarette.

Very early the next morning I was out upon my wheel. It was one of those high, spidery machines, once the fashion, which are perilous and therefore ex-

hilarating. To me there is an ever-fresh delight in this communion with Nature's first awakening, when she shakes out her tangled tresses and stretches out her arms to clasp her children. I like to make this early invocation to the orb of morning, to hail as he arises the winged god. I like the twitter of the birds, the shiver of the dew upon the herbage, the veiled horizon.

I had gone several miles, and was returning at full speed, thirsty for my natutinal coffee—it was hardly eight o'clock—when I nearly tripped up a woman who was crossing a side street. She screamed, much frightened. I sprang from my flying perch to her side, lifting my cap in humblest contrition. She was petite and dressed in plain, almost shabby, black. Her shambling gait, her dark complexion, her alarmed attitude, gave her in the gray atmosphere the air of a little Brownie of the Woods, wandering and lost in some new, untried world. In another moment I had exclaimed my amazement. I had recognized Mrs. Orr.

Away from Orr's exacting vigilance, she had evidently returned to her former simplicity. She laughed at my discomfiture.

"You did not hurt me in the least," she said, in her beautiful, low contralto. "You only grazed my petticoat. Frightened? Yes, a little, I admit. I have a tremendous heart, too prone to palpitate."

"But what on earth—"

"I have been to early church."

"You are as energetic," I answered, "in spiritual as I am in physical exercises."

"The conditions of my life are so changed, are so intricate, I must hold on to some of my old helps. Perhaps," she said gravely, "we both have sought in our own methods to exorcise the evil spirits."

I assured her that in my blind ignorance I knew no better assistance to such ends than a spin at dawn upon my bicycle. "It whips all the wickedness out of a man," I said laughing. She did not join in my laughter.

"You are more fortunate than I am," she answered. "Perhaps a woman's devils are more persistent. I went to church to get mine driven out of me . . . and . . ."

"Yours? God save us, you dear, good woman!" I said in sudden earnestness, and again uncovering before her, through some unexplained impulse. "You and devils!"

"Seven," she replied.

"And your gentle prayers did not drive them off?"

I looked down at her incredulous.

"No!"

We had reached the hotel steps.

Orr took Mrs. Soren for a drive that afternoon, and they were gone so late that Mrs. Orr was waiting for them nearly an hour on the quadrangle. I saw her slender figure flitting hither and thither among the columns. Once her maid crossed the grass and brought her a wrap.

Mrs. Orr was called "the rich woman" at the hotel, and much stared at. It annoyed her sorely.

She tried now to evade my notice. I respected her solitariness. I clung to my novel and the balcony of my cottage. My thought was so occupied with her, however, that I would fain have tried to while away for her this dull delay. It was finally brought to a close by the arrival of the belated ones, and I left the hut where I was ensconced with other nomadic bachelors, and walked across the green to join the party.

At dinner Mrs. Soren was out of humor. She complained of a persistent pain across her brow, and insisted that Orr had greatly aggravated her indisposition by taking her out on the lake with some friends they had encountered there.

"I thought you liked the water, Flora?" said Mrs. Orr. "I for one dislike it."

"I suppose that is why you don't have a yacht," said Flora, who seemed inclined to perverseness. "Dear me! I wish I had half of your billions. I would have everything—yachts, coaches, everything. Why don't you give a big yacht to Mr. Orr for his birthday, which he tells me is in September?"

Mrs. Orr flushed painfully and bit her lip.

"My wife is a poor sailor," said Orr civilly, "and I should never wish a woman to suffer for my enjoyment."

I cleared my throat.

"Well, but Cousin Millicent could stop on land," said Mrs. Soren. "She could amuse herself without you, couldn't you, Cousin Millicent?" She did it for so long before she married you. Men are not as necessary to us as they suppose. Well, things are thus divided: we paupers have all the desires and tastes and you millionnaires the means of gratifying them."

"My wife has many tastes which she gratifies," he said, frowning.

I did him the credit to believe he was annoyed; that this personal talk outraged his sense of the decorous.

I helped him to more general topics. Mrs. Soren became moody and absent, but Mrs. Orr made herself most agreeable. Her suavity was almost cloying.

"Well, I am going to bed. I hate this hole of a place," said Mrs. Soren, after the coffee. "Only before I leave, Mr. Orr, I want you—why not at eleven to-morrow morning, if I can get any sleep—to come with me and look at that house of which I spoke. I have half an idea of buying the property. It would be a nice little home for me. I really can't afford New York. I want a *piéd à terre*. I could easily rent it if I went abroad. I want you to see it, and then find out if the deed is all right."

Orr promised to be at her orders at eleven.

"Do you know, Mr. Trenholm," she went on, "I am a close neighbor of yours in the colony. I live in the cottage adjoining yours. You gentlemen keep it up pretty late. Do you play cards? I heard you at two o'clock. I hope you will let me sleep to-night; I need it. Mr. Orr, have you forgotten those drops you promised me?"

Orr turned to his wife. "Have you those bottles, Millicent, that you gave me for my head last spring?"

My wife is a capital doctor," he added. He evidently was making amends for some neglect which rankled in his conscience.

"Oh, Cousin Millicent ought to have been a sister of charity," cried Mrs. Soren. "She missed her vocation when she married a *vauren* like you. She has all the virtues." She made a comical grimace at him, and Orr laughed, but I noticed that his wife grew pale.

"She is indeed," said Orr, "a sister of charity; she is the best of nurses. Do you remember, my dear, how you sat up with me for three weeks without one wink of sleep when I had the gripe, while the trained nurse took forty naps every five minutes? Let her prescribe for your head, *ma cousine*. Write down the prescriptions, Millicent," he cried to his wife. "The red fluid is a narcotic and must be taken sparingly. Put it all on a piece of paper, and Rose can give it to Francine"—these were the ladies' maids.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Orr. "I will write it all down."

"And the . . . devils?" I asked her when her queer little thin hand fluttered in mine for a moment as I said good-night.

"Inexorable," was her enigmatic answer. Then she wished me "pleasant dreams."

I slept late. It was about eight o'clock when a piercing shriek from the other side of my wall startled me to a sitting posture on my couch. This was followed by several cries for help and loud ejaculations in a foreign tongue. I sprang to my feet, donned my dressing-gown, pulled on my boots, and ran to the next cottage. In a few moments I had met Mrs. Soren's excited maid. She told me that, bringing in her mistress's tea, she had been unable to arouse her; that the poor lady seemed sunk in stupor. The hotel physician, that ubiquitous necessity, was shortly upon the scene, also the Ors; while Mrs. Orr's maid came to add her shrill lamentation to the general outcry. Orr was agitated and incoherent. Mrs. Orr alone was calm. Mrs. Soren lay as if asleep upon the bed; her teeth a trifle clinched, her palms open. The room was cleared of us. A stomach pump was brought into play. By and by, when we returned, she opened her eyes. The physician thought there had been an overdose of the sleeping draught. I heard Orr ask his wife for the directions she had given their cousin. He was fussy and in the way, and seemed to forget to wait for her answer. I had also seen another strange thing.

Mrs. Orr on reaching the room had neared the bed. By its side, on a low table, were two phials; a paper with some writing scrawled across it lay between them. Mrs. Orr's hand, as if by accident, fell on this paper. I did not see it again. It was just then, as she looked down at the helpless woman, that I recognized in her a moment of sinister beauty, a beauty such as might have transfigured Lucrezia Borgia in an hour of intimate satisfaction. "All's well that ends well." An hour later Mrs. Soren sat up and ate milk toast and was duly coddled, covered with roses, and adored.

She left the following day. So did I. The last sight I had of Mrs. Orr she stood on the veranda and waved her adieu to me. Her smile is terrible, there is no doubt of it; but I admire her immensely. She is a deeply interesting person.

I dined with the Thorps in the following December. Mrs. Thorp was *en beauté*, radiant with youth and health. Her eyes seemed to reflect the coolness of woodland depths; her repose was full of ductile grace. Somehow she is a person one forgets in absence to meet with surprise. She kept us waiting for dinner nearly an hour, then came in dressed in a tea-gown, her hair a trifle disordered, but composed. Thorp himself seemed quite another man, although I thought him looking thinner and older. His nervous irritability seemed to have left him; his manner to his wife was admirable. Although the dinner was spoiled, he did not rebuke her. He listened to her pretty prattle without impatience. He never contradicted her any more.

"Why can't dinner be impromptu? I do so detest set functions," she said, as she took her seat at the head of her table. "I wish we could be like the savages, and just eat when we are hungry—coconuts or wood berries. How much nicer it would be if 'regular hours,' as they are called, were abolished."

"Why, certainly," said Thorp, struggling with a piece of burned file. "Why, in fact, dine at all? Progress is a great mistake. The savage knows what he wants and goes for it. He is not hampered by convention; he is the true philosopher."

"I hate rats," went on Mrs. Thorp. "I never could learn my lessons when I was a child because they were all so set and cut and dried. If I have children . . ."

"They will be impromptu," said a young woman.

The general laughter drowned Mrs. Thorp's protest. Holly alone did not laugh; he looked glum. Thorp sat at the head of his table effaced and silent. His wife took upon herself all the weight of the entertainment. The two or three other guests evidently looked upon my clever friend as upon an amiable nonentity. After dinner Mrs. Thorp called me to her side.

"I think it has been difficult for Leslie to get accustomed to a girl in his house," she said, with her lovely candor. "I used to get on his nerves a bit, but now he is a perfect angel; never cross any more. See what a pretty bracelet he brought me this morning! He is always giving me nice things lately. Ought I not to be a very happy woman, Mr. Trenholm, with such an indulgent husband? He lets me do absolutely as I please."

"And is he never jealous?" I asked, smiling.

She raised her slowly moving lids. "Jealous? No. Leslie is not emotional, he is like me; we are Dutch right through, phlegmatic. I think when he used to be out of sorts it was the rheumatism. He has rheumatism sometimes. And then to give up bachelor privileges, bachelor privacy"—she shook her soft locks about—"is a trial, no doubt. We get on very well now. He hates the world, I adore it; he lives on

his dusty old books, and I trot about. He is broken to his harness," she laughed; "quite lame."

"A golden one," I answered, gallantly. Holly and the others were smoking cigarettes under a palm. Thorp was sitting apart alone, wrapped in his own reflections; his head had fallen forward a little, sunken on his breast.

"Leslie," she cried, "do you like your harness?"

He came up to us, blinking his eyes, not understanding, with a perfunctory query on his lip.

"Leslie," she persisted, with her enchanting archness, "your old friend is worried about you; wants to know if marriage agrees with you."

"Marriage," said Leslie, "has left me without one unfulfilled hope, ideal or illusion." He cleared his throat as if from sudden hoarseness.

"Is your throat bad again, dear? Your voice sounds quite croaky."

"Only a passing huskiness," he said. "The air is damp." He stooped and kissed his wife's hand.

"Pretty well, eh?" she said to me, "for the second year of the honeymoon?" But somehow a little chill had fallen on me, and I fumbled vainly for a word. The reader will doubtless now perceive why I have remained a bachelor. I have concluded that my friends have married the only two women in the world who would have suited me. With one I feel my own superiority; with the other, hers. If the reader is in doubt which of the two of these ladies so affects me, I leave it to his own perspicacity to decide. There is nothing left for me to do but to look on at life. If the prospect be a little bleak, at any rate it has its compensations. I was always fond of observation; it gives the fancy wings.

THE END.

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valued at eighteen thousand pounds, though till now it was supposed to be worth very much more, as no doubt it is. A blue diamond is of extreme rarity—it even transcends that of something else, which poor Thomas Hood described to us as "The rarity of Christian charity under the sun." This important feature of the Hope estate weighs forty-four carats and a half. The normal hue of all crystallized carbon is, of course, white; but among the Russian crown jewels there is a red diamond, of vast worth. Recently Sir Edwin Arnold has told us that he possesses a blood-red pearl, bought from a fisherman in Japan, who was using the *awabi* shell, to which it is permanently attached, as a drinking-cup. It is very pleasant to own these delightful freaks of mineralogy, but to wear them has one severe drawback. Nobody but the almost clairvoyant *connoisseur* would dream of guessing what they really are. Air, for instance, a red pearl as a scarf-pin, and who would give it credit for being anything but a sanguine-tinted and polished bit of inferior stone? In the same way, sink a priceless red diamond into a gold ring, and who would fancy it other than a ruby or perhaps even a garnet? These captivating eccentricities of nature are all very well if viewed in the cabinets of museums and explained by a polite *cicerone*; but let the wealthiest of duchesses appear at a ball with the Hope Blue Diamond sparkling from her throat, and who, unless its actuality were known, would think it a gem of greater account than a remarkable sapphire or amethyst? Some Englishman once offered to make a wager that he could stand on London Bridge from morning till night, with a tray of pure gold rings, crying at regular intervals, "Gold rings, a penny apiece," and that not a single man, woman or child could be induced to purchase one of them. The wager, as I have always understood, was not accepted.

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THE COLUMBIA'S TRIAL SPIN

THE NEW CUP DEFENDER COLUMBIA has been tried and not found wanting. This good news will be welcomed by all Americans, from Maine to California, who have a genuine interest in the royal sport of yachting.

The trial spin of this new candidate for international honors took place on Narragansett Bay, between Bristol and Newport, on Sunday, June 25. It lasted just two hours and forty minutes, of which thirty-five minutes were devoted to trying her against the famous sloop Defender.

Having witnessed the trial of the Columbia and carefully noted her performance, I am in a position to say without hesitation that in smooth water, and a breeze where both yachts are carrying mainsail, fore-staysail and jib, the Columbia is the fastest boat on all points of sailing.

Going to windward she "points" better and "foots" faster than the Defender. That is to say, she will lie closer to the wind, and at the same time sail faster.

Under the sail named, and with her lee rail two feet clear of the water, she travelled at the rate of eleven knots an hour. With club topsail and jib topsail set, she should easily make twelve to twelve and a half knots.

The Columbia is remarkably quick in stays. She will "go about"—that is, swing from one tack to the other in eighteen seconds. This is quicker than any sloop of her size has been able to do. The Defender's best time is said to be twenty-three seconds from "full to full."

Going before the wind for fifteen minutes with her great mainsail swung far out to starboard, the Columbia slowly but surely overhauled the Defender, demonstrating sufficiently that if on their first meeting, with everything new, she can outslip the sloop of 1895 ever so little, it is certain that when they meet in earnest in a formal trial the Defender will be defeated.

To sum up, then, it means that, barring accidents, the America's Cup is safe for another year, unless Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock is possessed of some super-

natural power; for, as a matter of fact, the Defender is faster now than when she met Valkyrie III.

It is not easy at this date, of course, to say how much the Columbia will beat the Defender in a race of thirty miles to windward and back; but, judging from her initial performance, it is fair to estimate that the time will be not less than five minutes.

The prettiest and most exciting point of the trial was when the big sloops came together, with sheets flat aft on the starboard tack, right abreast of Jamestown. Skipper Charlie Barr was at the wheel, and the Columbia held the weather position by about two hundred yards. Rolling his wheel "hard up," Barr brought the Columbia straight down for the weather quarter of the Defender. Down went the helm in less than a minute, and the new sloop shot almost alongside her sister ship. Then taking a position with her bowsprit just lapping the Defender's weather quarter the race began.

Foot by foot the Columbia gained on her rival, until in seven minutes she had passed out clear ahead by nearly a length. That was the test that all had been waiting for, and it was one of great value to the Columbia's designer. It proved to him in a few moments that his work had not been in vain; that the Columbia was a better boat than his former creation—Defender.

When the Columbia was launched, on the evening of June 10, there were many predictions as to when her first trial spin would take place. Some said a week, other placed the limit at ten days. Nat Herreshoff, her designer, promised nothing, but put all his men at work to spar and rig the yacht.

C. Oliver Iselin, her managing owner, was impatient. He wanted the yacht a week after her launch. "She shall not leave here until she's ready," Herreshoff said to a friend, and he kept his word.

The Columbia made her debut—so to speak—in a most expensive suit of tight-fitting sails, on the morning of the fifteenth day after her launching, and when she made her first tack. At 9:20 that morning, the critics agreed that she was in better trial-trip form than any of her predecessors.

No better fitting mainsail has ever been set, for the first time, on any of the big sloops. The fore-staysail!

set badly at first, but the looseness of the leach near the head was remedied during the trip by tautening it up. The working gaff-topsail—the cloths of which run diagonally, like a jib—seemed a trifle too large, but that can be easily remedied.

Perhaps the man most pleased with the Columbia was her principal owner, Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, who followed the defenders at a respectful distance in his steam yacht Corsair.

A pleasing and fitting finale to the Columbia's successful trip was the tribute paid her by the "jackies" on the battleship Texas. The men lined up on the ship's starboard side as the yacht swept by to her anchorage and gave her three cheers and a "tiger."

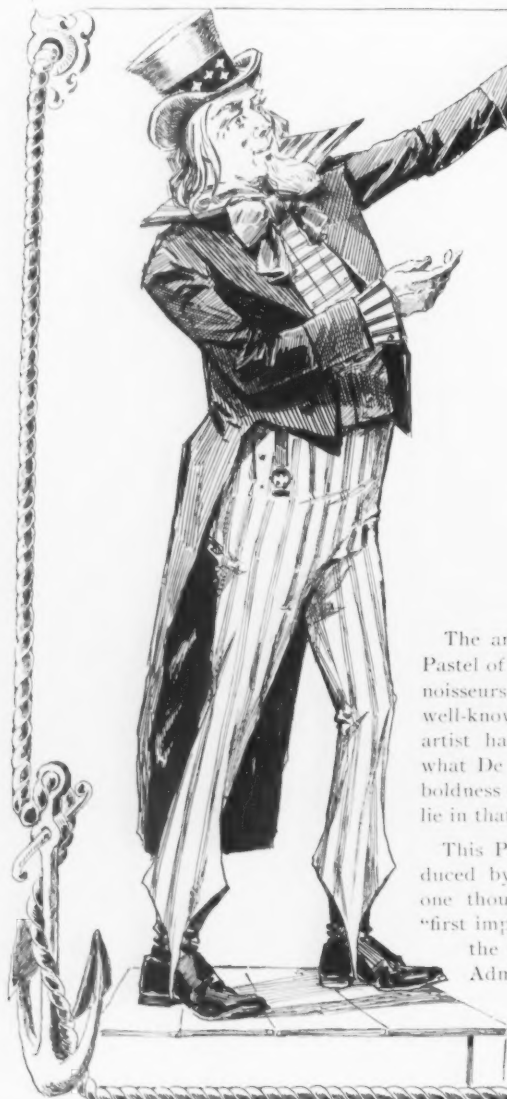
JAMES C. SUMMERS.

THE GRAND PRIX

(See page 5)

NO ONE CAN be said really to know Paris who has not attended the Grand Prix. In fact, the Grand Prix stands for the very essence of Paris life. It is the occasion when all the Parisian "worlds" come together to watch the great races; the fashionable world, the world of art, of politics, the military, and finally the great "half-world," which receives so frank and so ingenuous a recognition in French life. The popular actress drives before the celebrated Duchess, the political hero of the hour walks beside the latest General who has risen into public favor, the Bonapartists, the Royalists and the Republicans mingle in the crowd. This year a unique feature in the spectacle was made by the appearance of Agoncillo and his swarthy coadjutors, who, of course, attracted a good deal of attention. This year the Grand Prix had a sensational as well as a social interest, for there was a possibility that it might be made the occasion of a political demonstration against President Loubet, who, in spite of the previous attack on him, had determined to be present. It passed off quietly, however, and the next day the season in Paris was dead, and "the fashionables," as usual, were hurrying off to their places in the country.

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The artist De Thulstrup has painted a Panel Pastel of Admiral Dewey, which is said by connoisseurs to be one of the master-pieces of that well-known military artist. On this Pastel the artist has done his best. Everybody knows what De Thulstrup's best is—what vigor, what boldness of outline, what flesh-and-blood detail lie in that phrase.

This Pastel, valued at \$500, has been reproduced by us in a special Edition de Luxe of one thousand copies. These reproductions—"first impressions"—can be distinguished from the original only by the closest scrutiny. Admiral Dewey, in full uniform, is represented as standing on his quarter-deck. The pose is natural and easy, and there is a stroke of genius in the

picture that makes one feel the force and magnetism of the man. Every shade, line and color of De Thulstrup's work is reproduced.

It is the best picture of Admiral Dewey we know of, and the only one possessing genuine artistic merit. It is not a chromo. It is not a photograph. It is a vivid Pastel, startling in its life-likeness. It measures 14 x 21 inches, is on military cardboard, and is matted for framing. Each picture is numbered, registered, and catalogued, with artist's signature in fac-simile. Its retail price is \$2.00, but you may get it cheaper. The "Business Talk" in the northeast corner of this Ad. tells how.

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WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP



MAKING THE TURN IN THE HALF-MILE HEAT



ALEXANDER GRANT,
WINNER OF THE 2-MILE RACE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

FOR all the victory of the University of Pennsylvania was a generally conceded fact months ago, there is no doubt that the day was a day of surprises. In the first place, Murphy's protégés took more points than the general wisecrack had allowed them; and, in the second place, outside of the few winners who were absolutely certain of their events, there were a number of individual surprises. Some of this, it is true, was brought about by the rather unexpected transfer of Boardman and Burke, but not by any means all. While I do not think that Boardman could have beaten Long, and while there is no means of telling whether Burke could have done it or not, I am sure the Harvard and Columbia men would have had a terrible tussle at the finish, and that Boardman would have been close enough up to keep up the interest in the game. There is too much finesse in such shifting of men, and it does not please even the adherents of the colleges.

To point out these surprises locates some of the reasons for the transfer of points in the final result. In the first place, in the 100-yard dash, Blount of Yale had been counted upon by almost all the critics to get a place. Some had even pushed him up as far as second place, and hence the injury to his leg, in the trial heats, upset predictions in this event materially. But even that did not fully account for the matter. McClain was hardly reckoned as likely to get third, and it must have been a pleasure to Murphy to have him thus placed. Again, in the 120-yard hurdle, Lewis of Syracuse took the third place; and, in fact,

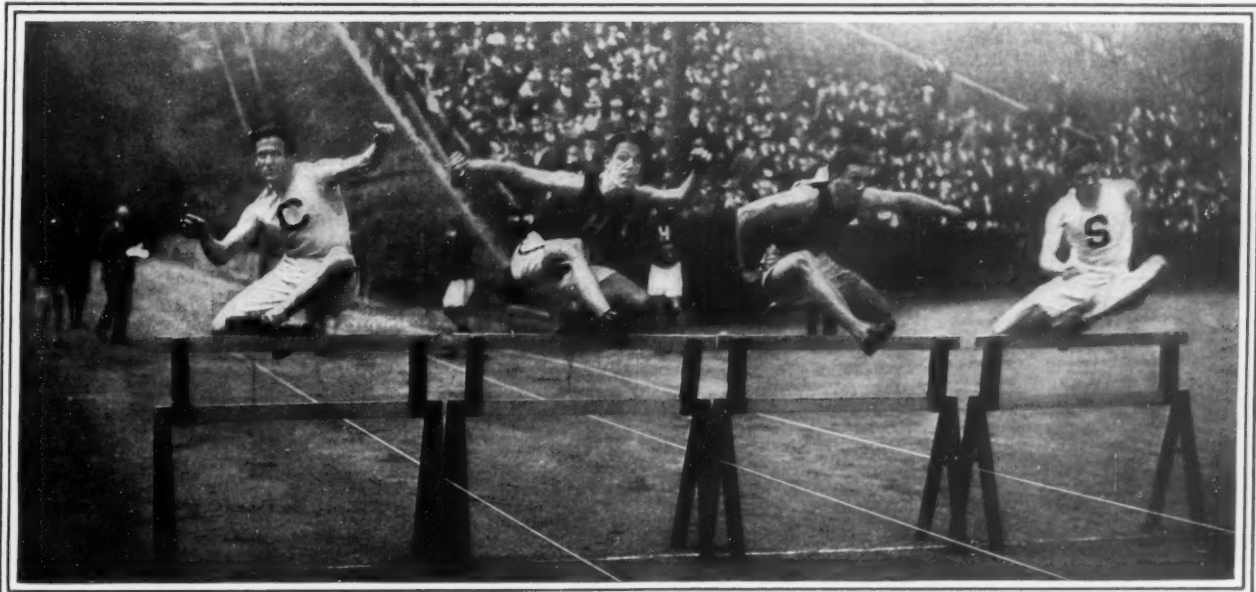
until nearly home was holding Fox of Harvard closely. In the half-mile run, Grant of Pennsylvania deserves the honor of being the surprise, especially when all the conditions of the event were considered. He had just run two miles; he had Adams and Cregan, two probable winners, against him, and Burke, absolutely fresh and reserved for this event, ahead of him. In the mile run, Bray of Williams, although his calibre was fairly well known to those who have been following the work of the New England colleges, was certainly, in the work he performed, a most agreeable surprise to the spectators. No race was anywhere near the equal in excitement to the finish of this mile, and it was Bray that made it so. In the four-forty the loss of two of the cracks made room for otherwise lower placed men, and Fisher and Luce of Yale, and Mulligan of Georgetown, profited thereby. As far as the two-mile run is concerned, so little opportunity has been given of judging quality in this race that it is difficult to place, unmistakably, the upsets therein. Grant was practically sure of the event, but I believe it is only fair to say that Meckling of Pennsylvania and Foote of Harvard deserve the greatest praise, and their work was really the surprise of the event. In the 220-yard dash, Waite was the least expected, and deserves the credit to be given a man who performs above expectations.

In the 220-yard hurdle the fall of Converse threw him out and upset Lewis of Syracuse, by putting him out of his stride, but the placing of Remington was pleasant to the Pennsylvania contingent. In the pole vault, Kinzie of Cornell came up in unexpected form, and to him and Denning no small amount of credit should go for tying one of Yale's cracks, Johnson. This cut Yale's probable nine points down to seven. In the running broad jump, Whittemore of Syracuse

helped out his club mate, Prinstein, by adding a fourth place. In putting the shot, Glass of Syracuse climbed up into second place. In the hammer, Hare of Pennsylvania, while his ability was known among the Pennsylvania contingent, performed work that was not looked for by the Harvard throwers. In the high jump, Conklin of Haverford was the only one not expected to get a place.

I have named thus carefully certain men whose performances, while not securing first places for them, were more meritorious from one point of view than the work of the winners. It was no great effort for Tewkesbury to come sailing along eight yards ahead of Boardman in the two-twenty. It was no extraordinary strain for Kraenzlein to come flying over the hurdles well in advance of the men who were struggling after him, nor did any one think that McCracken's nerves were likely to be racked in defeating the other contestants in the hammer and shot. Baxter and Clapp were equally certain, and so I have taken the liberty of turning aside from these marvellous performers to say something of the men who fought so gamely, and secured positions above the expectation of their friends—the men who fought for all there was in them, and made it count for their college. One cannot, however, even with this view of it, and knowing that the men who win first place will have plenty of praise, omit saying a word about the breaking of records. Kraenzlein broke the intercollegiate record for the 120-yard hurdle by the fifth of a second, and Long of Columbia just squeezed Shattuck's old record of 49 1-2 seconds for the quarter by the veriest fraction of a second. Clapp of Yale broke the intercollegiate pole vault, and Kraenzlein the broad jump, otherwise nothing was disturbed.

WALTER CAMP.



FIRST HEAT OF THE SEMI-FINAL; TAKING THE FIRST HURDLE, INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP, MANHATTAN FIELD

(PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER)

THE COST OF AN IDEAL SUMMER OUTING

COMPARED with a steam yacht, either in running it or in the initial expense, the first-class house boat is cheap. The cost of a good steam house boat sixty feet in length and sixteen feet beam should be about ten thousand dollars.

As to the cost of operating the two classes of boats, the same wide difference is noticeable. The steam yacht is built primarily to travel from place to place, and one who owned or chartered such a craft for the summer would be in duty bound to move about almost continually. The cost of the coal consumed would thus amount to a large sum for the summer, probably five hundred dollars or more, according to the length of time the yacht was in commission and the amount of sailing performed. The crew of a seventy-five thousand dollar yacht would have to consist of a captain, a mate, four or five deck-hands, an engineer and his assistant, and one or more cooks. The salary list alone would make a formidable item, which, added to the cost of feeding the crew, would swell to alarming proportions for the man with a moderate income. On the house-boat the coal consumed would be insignificant, as the craft would only burn it when the location was to be changed, and the cost of keeping the small crew of an engineer, one deck-hand and a cook would not be much greater than keeping three servants in a summer cottage.

The rent of a house-boat is naturally proportioned to the amount of the capital invested. Usually the owners expect to receive about ten per cent on their invested capital, which would place a first-class house-boat at one thousand to one thousand eight hundred dollars for a season. This is not more than many pay for a handsome furnished cottage by the sea shore, and in the case of the house-boat the advantage of moving about at will would go with the lease. Yacht races, regattas, reunions, and functions of various kinds could be attended, besides all the pleasure derived from fishing, bathing, gunning, and sailing.

Just below these palatial house-boats are smaller and less pretentious ones, which rent for the season for from five hundred to six hundred dollars. They have no machinery for propelling them, and the owners or renters have to charter steam launches or tugs to move them about from place to place. They are built with the idea of being anchored in one place for the summer, where all the delights of housekeeping on the water can be enjoyed. A small sail-boat or naphtha launch would naturally go well with this class of house-boats. The latter could even be used for towing the house-boat to new anchorages whenever the old place was getting too monotonous.

Belonging to this class in point of size and cost, but not in other respects, are the combination sailing house-boats. These are often made by remodelling schooner yachts. Commodore M. F. Tobin's The Studio, which he recently sold to a Mrs. Thorne, is of this class. She is a schooner-rigged craft forty feet over all and thirteen feet beam. This craft has commodious living quarters built on the deck, and at a distance it looks like a yacht with a cabin. Everything is fitted up to make existence on the craft pleasant and agreeable. When a sail is desired the crew hauls up a perfect cloud of canvas, and the yacht goes flying over the bay or river at a good speed. The sole difference between this craft and a schooner-yacht is that looks are sacrificed for comfort, and not the reverse, as is true of nearly all yachts. It is hardly practical to convert any craft smaller than a sloop into a house-boat, for the reason that she would be clumsy and unsafe with her high deck houses, which might make her top-heavy and dangerous in a sea.

Specially designed house-boats of every description are made now by boat-builders and by ingenious owners of antiquated scows and other craft. The boat-builders construct house-boats that will sell for from two hundred to five hundred dollars, and many of these small craft are scattered on the waters near New York, where they can be rented for from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for the summer. A great use which these small house-boats are put to is for fishing and gunning parties. They are towed out to some good fishing ground and anchored there. A party may charter the boat for a few days or a month. Communication with the shore is made by row-boats or sail-boats. Provisions are carried out whenever needed, and the fishermen live on the water, where the uncertain fish are pretty sure to be caught. Some cases these denizens of the deep refuse to bite, and the unfortunate fishermen who spend their money to try their luck gain nothing except the experience. But by camping right over the fishing ground for several days good fishing is sure to be had, and the pleasure of thus camping on the water is of itself sufficient reward for all the trouble and expense.

In the fall of the year gunning parties take possession of the small house-boats and live on them for weeks at a time, instead of sleeping on some narrow, ill-smelling sail boat, where the quarters are so cramped that life is made miserable. For these two purposes the small house boat is rapidly coming into use and gen-

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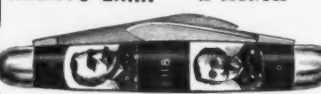
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The original copies of all treaties entered into by the United States, of all proclamations issued by the President, and of all acts passed by Congress and approved by the President, are filed in the Department of State, at Washington, D. C.

The President, through the Department of State, negotiates all treaties between this country and foreign powers; but they must be submitted to, and ratified by, the Senate before they are binding upon this government. It requires the affirmative vote of two-thirds of the Senators present and voting to ratify any treaty.

The House of Representatives has, under the Constitution, the sole right to prefer articles of impeachment against an officer of the United States; and the Senate has the sole right to try the officer against whom such articles of impeachment are preferred by the House. But, if it happens to be the President of the United States against whom the articles of impeachment are preferred, the Chief Justice of the United States must preside over the trial. Like jurors in the ordinary courts of law, the Senators have to be under oath, or affirmation, when sitting upon an impeachment case.

The House of Representatives has the sole right to originate all revenue bills and all appropriation bills; but the Senate must concur with the House upon any measure before it passes Congress; and, in doing so, the Senate has the right to attach amendments to such measures after they have passed the House and reached the Senate. But all such amendments, as well as all other provisions in the measure, must pass both the Senate and the House finally before they are submitted to the President for his approval.

Congress meets on the first Monday of December each year. The first regular session of each new Congress is practically unlimited in its duration; but the second regular session of each Congress must end at noon on the fourth day of the following March, when the terms of its members expire. The new members, who are elected in November next preceding the December upon the first Monday of which the second regular session begins, are not sworn in for thirteen months after their election, unless Congress happens to be convened in an extra session; but they draw their salaries during that time.

When government paper money becomes too much worn for further circulation, it is redeemed at the Treasury by the issuance of new bills therefor; and the old redeemed notes are ground into pulp by the macerator in the Treasury Building, and this pulp is sold to the trade to be made into ordinary wrapping-paper. Worn-out national bank-notes are also redeemed at the Treasury by the Comptroller of the Currency, and the redeemed notes are also ground into pulp and sold to be made into common paper. All paper money is printed at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, a bureau of the Treasury Department, in Washington; but no money is coined at the seat of government—it is all coined at the United States mints, which are located at Philadelphia, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., and New Orleans, La.

The result of a Presidential election is not declared, officially, until the second Monday of the following February, when the votes of the electoral colleges of the several States are opened, counted and declared by the Vice-President of the United States in the presence of both the Senate and the House of Representatives sitting in joint session. The popular belief is that the election actually takes place on the very day and date upon which the electors are chosen; but that is a mistake. An elector is supposed to vote for the candidate whom he is nominated to represent, and he generally does so; but there is no law which compels him to do so, and he may vote as he pleases.

The last regular session of the present Congress, which is the 56th, will begin on the first Monday in next December and last till twelve o'clock, noon, on the fourth day of March, 1900; but it cannot possibly do much more than pass the regular appropriation bills, which are thirteen in number, as follows: Agricultural; Army; Consular and Diplomatic; Deficiency; District of Columbia; Fortifications; Indian; Legislative, Executive and Judicial; Military Academy; Naval; Pension; Post-Office; and Sundry Civil. The act making appropriations for rivers and harbors does not constitute a "regular appropriation bill," in Congressional parlance.



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ABOUT fifty-two years ago (July, 1847) we issued our first postage-stamps. Some years before that time, one Rowland Hill, the father of the "penny post," introduced into England the "sticking plaster," as the adhesive stamps were then contemptuously called. At that time, our Postmaster-General vainly endeavored to get Congress to authorize the use of the adhesive postage-stamp in the United States; but his good work was not lost. His successor had the pleasure and distinction of being Postmaster-General when the desired bill was passed and approved, March 3, 1847. The stamps were not issued, however, before the following August, although the time specified was July 1, 1847. Only two kinds of stamps were made ready and issued that year—five cent and ten cent stamps, bearing, respectively, the portrait of Franklin in bronze-tint, and that of Washington in black-tint. The first purchaser of United States postage-stamps was Henry Shaw, the father of Henry Wheeler Shaw (better known as "Josh Billings"). Mr. Shaw happened to be in the office of the Postmaster-General on August 6, 1847, when the Postmaster-General came in with the printer, from whom he had just received sheets of the new stamps; and Mr. Shaw was given a sheet for inspection. After giving the stamps a hasty glance, Mr. Shaw, appreciating the historical importance of the time and occasion, took out his "wallet," counted out fifteen cents, and purchased one of each denomination. But wonderful advances have been made in postal matters since that day and time; for there is now practically a system of universal postage which has been developed through the good offices of a postal union, embracing nearly all civilized countries of the world.

A DRIVE TO THE TRENCHES

It is a pleasant drive across the Bridge of Spain, over drawbridges, through the massive gateways, into the old town of Manila. Here, too, the American soldier is at home. You see him at his post with rifle on his shoulder, or clattering in groups of two or three with revolvers and full cartridge belts. Here and there are moss-grown stone barracks bearing the faded titles of Spanish regiments of the line, but Old Glory waves above, and the straight young fellow at the gate, towering head and shoulders above the passers-by, wears the blue shirt and campaign hat of the boys from home.

Passing out of the old town across the moat, the road leads on past bungalows and pleasant homes, the houses of cane. An occasional rifle shot could be heard somewhere beyond, where an insurgent sharpshooter was trying his luck at some boy in blue. It seemed best to get out and walk into the lines at Pasay. The driver would have gone on to death, perhaps, if ordered; with an American in his carriage he seemed to feel as if in the hands of fate; but he was placed under charge of an obliging Fourteenth Infantryman, who promised to hold him until the return of his clients.

A hundred yards further on and the "south lines" were reached. Here there were a number of troops—Fifty-first Iowa—grouped in rear of a small battery, consisting of two of the Astor Battery guns, manned by a detachment of the Sixth Artillery. These guns were protected by sand-bags; to the right lay the Fourteenth Infantry, and to the left the Iowas, their trenches at places covered with roofs of thatch and shelter-tents. Some troops of the Fourth Cavalry were on the extreme right at the beach. Soldiers were walking about unconcernedly, while every now and then the sharp report of a Mauser was heard in the hazy bamboo foliage a few hundred yards away. An old artillery sergeant explained: "This sharpshooter business, firing at quiet men in trenches, is all nonsense. Now and then some one gets hit; but what of that, they can't clean out the whole command. They don't accomplish anything, and they waste ammunition. We don't reply unless they show signs of closing up and becoming dangerous. Do you see them there; two of them are in that tree? They look like bunches of cobwebs. They're tied up with ropes. Even if you hit them, all you'll see fall perhaps will be a hat, and there's no satisfaction in that." Whuz-zweep! and a splinter flew from a bamboo rafter over the trench. "Ye'd better come down now or ye'll get it; those fellows are shooting better every day."

On the drive back to the Pasig, one could not dismiss from mind the thought of what iron nerve and sublime patience it must take to live day after day under that vicious fire, to find every night that the enemy was creeping up, hoping to inflict some damage, however trifling, before he was discovered and driven off. There is no thought of glorious victory in it, no exhilaration of a charge, nothing but patience and tireless vigilance; for these lines are merely to be held by a thin line of men while the bulk of the army advances toward the north on the other flank.

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Mrs. Ida M. Fulton.
Money Refunded if Brace is Not satisfactory. Send for Full Information with Illustrated Book, free. Address
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Every Pregnant Woman Should Have This Brace.

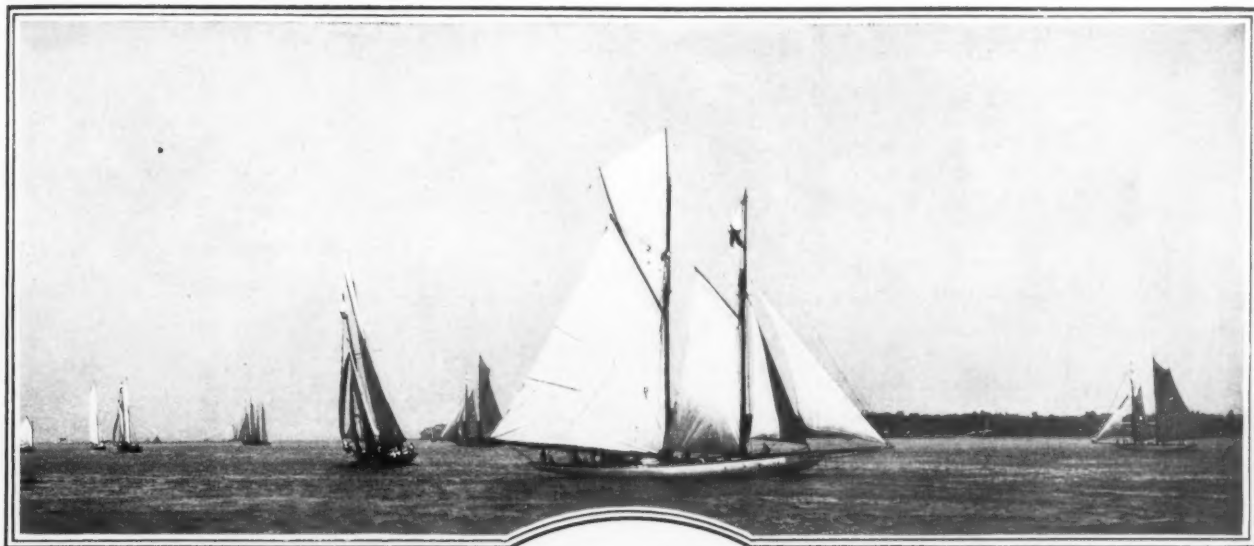
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Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC.
REGULATE THE LIVER
10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA. THE FLEET OFF CONEY ISLAND POINT

fault, but they were not as lucky as to conditions of wind.

It is true the iron steamboat *Cepheus* carried more than its usual quota of the fair sex. They appeared in stunning gowns, escorted by gallant members of the club in proper yachting togs. The Seventh Regiment band played inspiring marches, waltzes and up-to-date coon songs; but somehow the old-time yachting enthusiasm was lacking.

As a spectacle the event might be called a success, for some forty-three pleasure craft, flying the pennant of the club, went to Sandy Hook Lightship and back. Twenty of them were steam yachts, and right noble-looking craft they were; but the racers, where were they?

Colonia, Quissetta, and half a dozen others were becalmed near the start, while the *Vigilant*, *Queen Mab*, *Gloriana*, *Amorita*, *Sycc* and *Acushla* were flying down the main ship channel with a fair wind and tide to victory.

When the breeze came, finally, it was from the seaward (southeast). It reached the laggards nearly thirty minutes after the starting signal had been given. They made the best of it, but they were never able to close the gap between them and the leaders.

The handsome cutter *Queen Mab*, now owned by C. L. F. Robinson, won on time allowance from Percy Chubb's *Vigilant*; she also won the Bennett Cup for sloops, the *Amorita* winning the schooner cup from the *Colonia* on allowance.

Unluckily, the *Acushla* lost her mast; so the *Sycc* won in that class, the *Kestrel* not being able to reach the line in time to start.

Charles P. Buchanan's neat little schooner *Uncas* was defeated by her sister-ship and classmate, *Clorita*,

the property of Philip T. Dodge. Francis L. Leland's schooner *Ariel* and Henry C. Rouse's *Iroquois* sailed in cruising trim, the former yacht winning by a good margin.

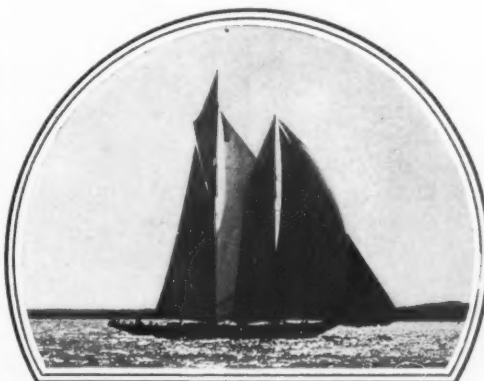
The thirty-footers sailed the best race of the day. It was to old Orchard Shoal Light and back. There were three of them—the *Hera*, *Esperanza* and *Asahi*. The latter won handsomely.

Forty-three yachts started in the annual race of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club on June 24. This time Henry F. Lippitt's schooner *Quissetta* defeated the *Amorita*. The *Vigilant*, sailing against the *Queen Mab*, easily defeated her. There was plenty of sport in the small classes. The sloops *Sycc* and *Kestrel* met in as closely contested a race as was ever seen between these two, resulting in a victory for the *Kestrel* of only four seconds, corrected time.

Ralph Ellis won a race with his thirty-footer *Hera* against the *Carolina* and *Esperanza*, and J. Rogers Maxwell's new thirty-six footer *Possum* defeated the *Anatoli* and *Infanta* in her class.

When the race was almost ended an accident occurred that marred the pleasure of the event, and sent every one home in a gloomy mood. During a squall which struck the yacht *Dot*, owned by C. T. Pierce of Riverside, a guest named Rockwell and a sailor named Mitchell were thrown overboard and drowned. All efforts to recover their bodies were without avail.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.



THE COLONIA WINNING THE A. Y. C. RACE



THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA. THE FLEET OFF FORT HAMILTON
THE RACES OF THE ATLANTIC AND NEW YORK YACHT CLUBS, JUNE 20 AND 22

A PHENOMENAL BICYCLE RUN

BY RIDING a mile in one minute and five seconds on a bicycle, Charles M. Murphy has broken all previous wheeling records and far surpassed the greatest speed before attained by man, horse, or dog. This marvellous feat of skill, pluck and endurance was accomplished near Babylon, Long Island, on June 21.

The test was made on a board track laid between the rails of the Long Island Railroad, and the rider was paced by a locomotive with a single car attached. It was a private trial, preliminary to an effort to make a mile in a minute at the State meet of the New York L. A. W. at Patchogue on July 30, and the extraordinary time made was totally unexpected.

With the development of the modern light-built, high-g geared safety bicycle from the old-fashioned high wheels of ten years ago, there has come a steady lowering of speed records. Until Murphy's phenomenal spurt, the lowest was that of Taylor, the colored cyclist, who rode a mile in one minute thirty-one and four-fifths seconds. In 1897, E. E. Anderson rode behind a locomotive against time at St. Louis, and claimed to have made a mile in one minute three and one-fifth seconds, but the record has never been admitted by wheeling authorities. Murphy's performance made the mile-a-minute gait seem within easy reach, and established the bicycle as the fastest of all vehicles not driven by steam or other motor power. Murphy is twenty-nine years old, and has been riding in bicycle races since 1886. It has been the dream of his life to try to make a mile in a minute behind a locomotive. He succeeded in interesting officials of the Long Island road in his hobby, and they agreed to provide facilities for the experiment. An absolutely straight and level stretch of track near Babylon was selected. This was planked in for two miles, five ten-inch boards being laid between the rails. This allowed half a mile for the start and another half for the finish.

To reduce the resistance of the wind to a minimum, a remarkable "wind-shield" was contrived at the rear of the car behind which Murphy was to ride. This was practically an extension of the walls of the car for six feet beyond the platform. The sides of this enclosure reached to within two feet of the ground, where they sloped inward over the rails until they nearly touched the board path. Under the platform the box enclosure came to a point like the prow of a boat projecting forward. A fender with a rubber-covered outer bar extended from below the platform to keep the rider from coming too near, and an upright white board fixed to the centre of the rear buffer marked the line he was to follow. This arrangement shut out the wind and dust, and gave Murphy practically a vacuum in which to exert his power to pedal to the utmost. The ride furnished one of the most hazardous and thrilling spectacles in sporting history. With head bent over the handle bars, and eyes glued on the white strip at the rear of the car, Murphy followed his pacer as it drew slowly away from where the planked track began. On board the car were a number of bicycle, railroad and newspaper men, who watched him from the rear platform. The start was slow, but by the time the red flag indicating the beginning of the measured mile was reached, the train was fairly flying. Murphy kept up with every increase of speed. His wheel never left its place, an inch or two behind the fender, and in the middle of the centre board. Not a word was said. With set and immovable face Murphy watched the white strip and pedalled, seemingly ever faster and faster. The roar of the train drowned all other noises, so that had the men on the platform shouted to him he could not have heard. Had the engine slowed up an instant, or had Murphy for a moment lost control of his wheel and swerved to the right or left, it probably would have meant instant death. Recognition of this made the moments seem minutes to the little group on the platform, some of whom lay flat on their faces, watching the man below riding so near the brink of death. To those the time seemed an hour. To those who watched from the side of the track there was but a flash, and train and rider had made the distance from the start to the finish mark as with a single leap.

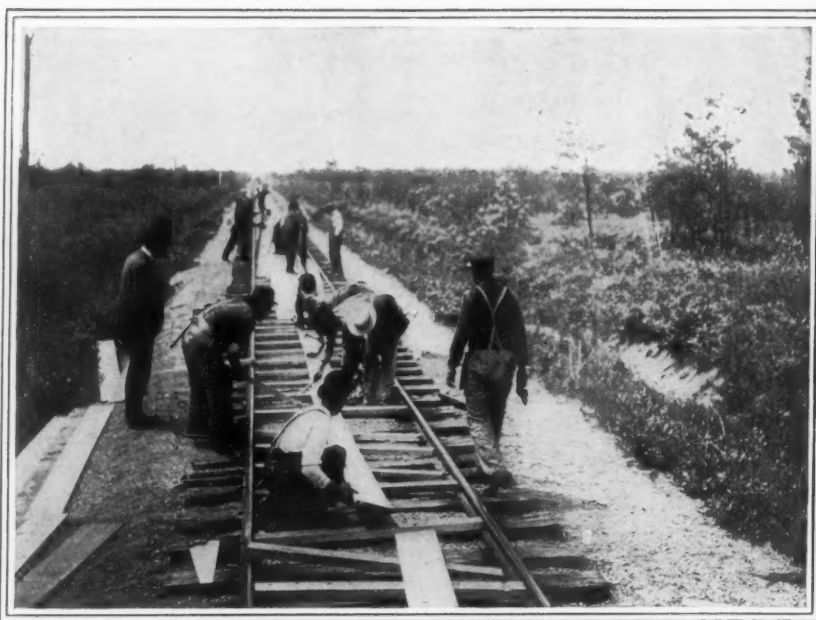
When the mile mark was passed, a man lying on the platform waved his cap between the set eyes of the rider and the white band he had looked at until his eyes were crossed. Murphy glanced upward in recognition. The spectators gasped with relief. The strain was too intense for cheers. Those came later, when the time-keepers announced that the mile had been covered in sixty-five seconds and the onlookers realized that they had seen the fastest bicycle riding the world had ever known.

But Murphy's trouble was to come. At the mile mark the engineer opened his throttle and the locomotive leaped forward at a seventy-mile-an-hour pace. Murphy dropped behind. About twenty feet back of the car the rush of air following the flying train caught him. He wobbled badly and for the first time. For a moment it looked from the train as if he must fall, and a fall meant death or serious injury. But he recovered and sped onward with speed apparently little decreased. He could not back-pedal, and when the end of the board track was reached he was still going at what seemed frightful velocity. Seeing that a fall there was certain he jumped for his life and landed unhurt in the cinders.

"I felt just as I do riding on a home-trainer," Murphy said afterward, "except for the noise, which was terrible, and the dust and the responsibility and the danger of swerving. I didn't hear a word, but I saw the cap wave. I feel sure from what I have done this time that I can go a mile in a minute next trial."

Murphy made the first quarter mile in 16 2/5 seconds, the next in 16 3/5, the third in 16 1/5, and the fourth in 15 4/5.

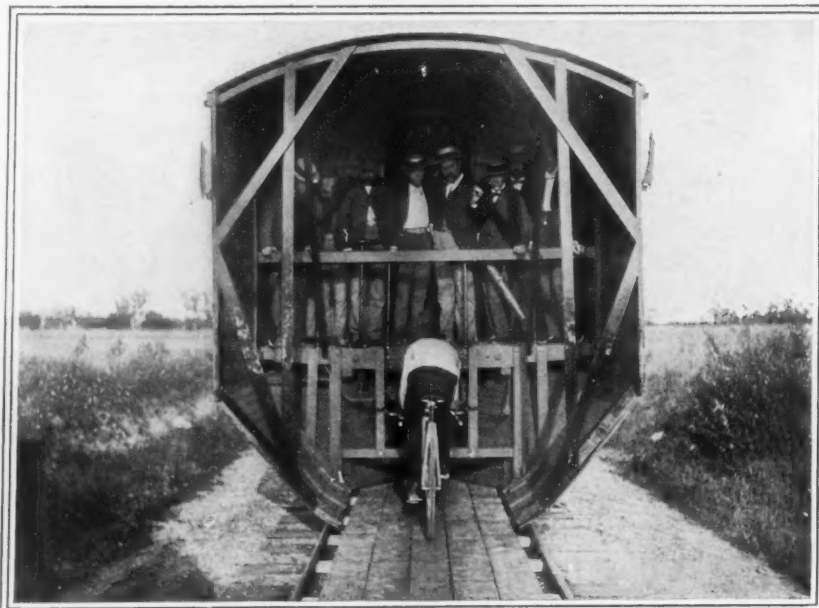
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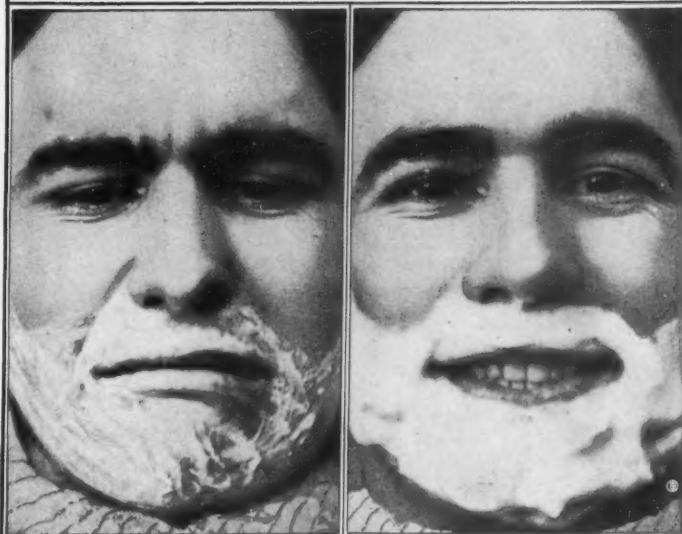
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A CORRECTION

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"What shapely calves young men MAKE," she replied.

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